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SIXTEENTH YEAR OF PUBLICATION

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"PROTECTING" OUR COAST STEAMERS

JUST WHY Mrs. E. J. Lord of Honolulu should have been fined \$200 for taking passage on the Japanese liner Tenyo Maru, from Hawaii to San Francisco, instead of waiting until next day and giving the American vessel, Alameda, the benefit of her patronage, is one of the anomalies of this alleged land of the free, but home of the nefarious protective tariff. Technically, Mrs. Lord is fined for violating section 4347 of the United States compiled statutes, for the regulation of vessels engaged in domestic commerce. That clause relating to the transportation of passengers in alien vessels reads:

No foreign vessel shall transport passengers between ports or places in the United States, either directly or by way of a foreign port, under a penalty of \$200 for each passenger so transported and landed.

As originally enacted, this section provided that foreign vessels found transporting passengers between places or ports in the United States should be liable to a fine of \$2 for every passenger landed. The fine so imposed was subject to remission by the secretary of the treasury when the offense was not wilfully committed. Clearly, the fine applies to the vessel, the carrier, and not to the passenger. Hence we are at a loss to understand why Mrs. Lord is under forfeit to the government. She paid the sum demanded by the collector of the port after protest, believing it was only a formality, but the federal officials at Washington, to whom the case was submitted, refused to intervene.

Why? Without regard to the absurdity of fining a passenger for following his or her bent in choice of steamer lines—of course, it is impossible that the coastwise, government-protected boat was inferior in equipment to the Japanese vessel—the language of the statute is plain, that the transportation company and not the passenger shall be mulcted for violating this precious law. "No foreign vessel shall transport, etc., under penalty of \$200 for each passenger." Not "no passenger shall" commit the heinous act "under a penalty of \$200." By what authority, then, is Mrs. Lord held up, and why does the government

overlook the purport of the statute and decline to assess the one adjudged guilty by the laws of the United States?

Incidentally, Mrs. Lord was in a hurry to get to Washington, where her husband, a leading contractor in the islands, was in attendance at the inauguration of President Taft. He cabled his wife to "come on and bring my dress suit." She first engaged passage on the Alameda, but the Tenyo Maru was to sail the afternoon before, so with a woman's privilege, she changed her mind—was not her husband in a hurry for his dress suit?—and canceled her berth order on the Alameda. Of course, this gross outrage was reported by the purser on arrival at San Francisco, with the result as stated.

Hurrah for the triumph of our bounty-fed coasters! Three cheers for the beautiful navigation laws that won't allow a foreign built vessel, although owned by an American company, to engage in coastwise traffic. Think of it, a fine of \$200 imposed—unlawfully, we claim—on an individual who wanted to land on these shores! Yet more subsidies are demanded to help build up our foreign trade. O, wirra, wirra!

WHERE INTOLERANCE LURKS

AMBASSADOR BRYCE, it appears, has designated the people of California as "distinctive," meaning, we assume, that they are unlike in certain respects, those of other states. We suppose, with the San Francisco Call, that a compliment is intended by the courtly visitor, but, unlike the Call, we do not exclude from participating in this connection, the people south of the Tehachapi, but rather those living north of the pass. To be truly Californian is to be broad in outlook, tolerant in spirit, liberal in thought. To arrogate these attributes to the people north of the Tehachapi, after the extraordinary exhibition of last week, when a young woman was hounded and harried all the way from her home at Corte Madera, beyond the northern state line, because she elected to marry a Japanese student is a grim joke surely.

Whose business is it but the young woman's whom she marries—she being of age, compos mentis, and parents consenting? The bridegroom is a sober, decent, self-respecting individual, of bookish tendencies and of good Japanese birth. Why isn't he in every way a more desirable husband than the American of undesirable habits, bibulous propensities and brutish tastes, of whose kind hundreds are joined in wedlock to poor young things every day in the year—to the undoing of the sacrificial victims and the future degradation of the race? Yet no jeers are heard nor threats made, because of these unfit marriages, by rank outsiders who fancy they have a self-appointed mission to perform.

Tolerant of spirit, indeed! In the news columns of last Sunday's Call, under a Seattle date line, in which city an Episcopal minister read the ceremony which united the much-harassed couple, it was stated:

Aoki and his white bride had finally landed before a Christian altar, and in the sacred silence of the granite walls of old Trinity they plighted their troth and forgot the jeers and threats of physical violence of the California towns which they had so lately quit for good. Literally driven from California, Mrs. Emery and Helen Gladys were forced to seek a state where the laws would not prevent the girl's union with a man of the Japanese race. Oregon was barred to the loving twain—her laws absolutely forbid such marriages—and the district attorney of Portland announced that if the plighted lovers appeared on the streets of that city they would be arrested as common nuisances.

Does this sort of conduct on the part of those living north of the Tehachapi reflect that broad spirit of toleration, that liberal way of thinking of which the Call makes proud boast? Rather is it reflective of the vicious spirit of the ignorant Chinese of pre-Boxer riot days which found vent in cries of "Down with the foreign devil!" as

the inflamed Celestials spat upon the white man unlucky enough to be in the way of his tormentors. It is this same narrow-minded view which had its reflex in the legislative halls of Sacramento recently to the imminent menace of our treaty relations with proud Japan. It is on all-fours with the un-American diatribes hurled by the sandlot orators of twenty years ago when San Francisco cowered like a whipped dog, not daring to bite the hand that smote.

Why, there is more broadness of mind, greater toleration of spirit to be found in these grass-grown valleys, these luscious mesas of the south-land than ever was displayed in the sea-begirt hills of San Francisco and the transbay cities adjoining. As to California, this portion of the state was rich in cattle and sheep years before the Argonauts, many of them unlettered and uncouth, journeyed coastward in search of gold and gave to San Francisco the pioneers whose descendants today are profiting by the industry or luck of their sires. Go to! To say that "the people who live south of Tehachapi are a different breed and are not Californian in any real sense," but ill becomes the Call, or is this merely another episode in the effort to have the dividing line drawn? As we have stated before, the north has but to say the word.

REPUBLICAN PARTY AND TARIFF

ALL THINGS come round to him who will. But wait, is an adage that seems, to apply to those patient individuals who have long contended that an expert tariff commission or permanent bureau is the only right and sensible way to proceed if the eternal bickering between sections and selfish manufacturers is ever to stop and a scientific tariff to result. We have been persistently urging this mode of procedure for several years, many months before Senator Beveridge introduced his bill in the last congress to establish such a bureau, and now with President Taft heard declaring himself in favor of a permanent tariff committee to be created at this session of congress the adage quoted appears to be coming true.

Every other modern nation has seen the necessity for the establishment of a bureau of this nature, its great value to the government adopting it having been demonstrated in its incipency. But the protected interests, naturally, have fought the introduction of a committee of experts in this country; that is the last thing they want to see established, for with it comes the beginning of the end of their robbing schedules. More and more the Payne bill, now being thrashed out in the house, is shown to be a clumsily concocted affair, with but a semblance of revision downward and that only in spots. The maximum or retaliatory schedules are to apply to nations declining to enter into reciprocal trade relations. These rates are placed twenty per cent above the minimum duties and as the latter are in many cases higher than the schedules now in effect, the resultant is not likely to give consumers a great deal of comfort.

As to the minimum rates, lumber gets a fifty per cent cut, with a strong demand that the other half be knocked off. It ought to go. The only way to save our rapidly diminishing forests is to admit free lumber from Canada and elsewhere. Hides are placed on the free list, together with iron ore. Duties on steel are reduced one-half, but Andrew Carnegie is authority for the statement that the manufacturers can get along without protection. Why, then, this concession to the trust? Sugar, also, gets only a small cut, when the late Claus Spreckels declared protective duties are no longer needed. News paper rates are reduced and wood pulp placed, conditionally, on the free list. Hard coal is to be admitted free, but soft coal is tenderly treated. Of the first-named this country enjoys a monopoly. Tea is to

be taxed and certain articles of luxury, for revenue-raising purposes. Cheap embroideries and laces, stockings, and gloves are to be heavily taxed, thereby raising the cost considerably to the middle class consumers who are the best customers for these articles of wearing apparel.

But wait until the bill reaches the senate! A repetition of the "amendment" crusade of 1894, which knocked the original Wilson bill into a cocked hat, is confidently promised by the "interests" who have their senatorial retainers on guard. As to the proposed federal inheritance tax, Senator Aldrich is quoted as saying it will never get through the upper house. This measure, by the way, is expected to yield about twenty million dollars in revenue, or one-fifth of the present deficit in income. We do not envy the Republicans their task. But unless they tote fair with the people the party will be brought to book in the next congressional elections without a doubt.

SNATCHED FROM ITS JEOPARDY

THAT was a Pyrrhic victory which the Los Angeles Alexander scored. The horrible doubts as to the outcome of the election, which seized the ones who placed the recall principle in jeopardy by selecting Mr. Alexander as its champion, were almost realized. But for the fact that the opposing candidate, Wheeler, was a socialist and appeared on the ballot as the exponent of that party, the recall would have been dealt a staggering blow, just as we insisted was the ever-present menace in putting forward so weak a candidate. As it was, George Alexander slid through by about sixteen hundred majority in a total vote of 27,000. This narrow margin means that a full term, to follow, for Alexander, is not in the range of possibilities. Apparently, he has no intention of resigning in favor of Stephens.

We have made careful inquiries in the several wards to ascertain the facts concerning the reported activities of the so-called Parker machine, election day, in behalf of Wheeler, and cannot learn of a single instance of machine canvassing at the polls for the Socialist candidate. As a matter of record, Walter Parker, the head and front of the alleged offending, went out of town the day before. Judge McKinley was trying an important water case at San Bernardino election day, and several of the lesser lights in the organization were dumbly apathetic in their offices. In view of this the vote for Wheeler, coming only two days after the decision of Judge Bordwell, in favor of the recall candidate, when the opposition had been figuring to the contrary, cannot be regarded as other than a note of protest—not against the recall, per se, but rather against the standard bearer.

We regard the vote as the vindication of our early expressed dissent from the mayoralty choice of the recall element. With a strong candidate like Marshall Stimson or Dr. Shelley Tolhurst, both staunch upholders of the recall principle, both aggressively honest and without taint of machine influence, no matter how strong a candidate the Republican organization had elected to name to make the running, the result never would have been in doubt. There was always a possibility of this course and had a popular, high-class Republican been pitted against Alexander, the recall principle would have been sadly disfigured for the time being. But the Lord of Hosts was with the recallers and the victory announced to the country cannot fail to result in an increase of adherents throughout the Union to this principle. We would not have it otherwise.

San Francisco is planning a Portola carnival for next October in honor of the "first governor" of California, who, history tells us, accidentally wandered too far north in his search for the bay of Monterey and in a brief flitting gazed on the bay of San Francisco without realizing its possibilities and never seeing it again, so far as the records divulge. Why this festival in his honor, then, is not to be guessed at this distance from the promoters. Moderns are chiefly concerned in deciding just where the accent on his name fell, whether on the second or final syllable. Wallace Irwin has written a humorous poem ringing the

changes on this dread uncertainty, finally hitting on a happy compromise—to call him by the familiar and rather endearing term, "Porty!"

WRETCHED PARODY ON SPORT

SIGNS multiply that the Marathon race craze is about to go the way of the old-time, six-day bicycle endurance trials, when a grotesque array of exhausted women entrants, striving to keep going against the protests of their rebellious physiques, turned alleged speed contests into cruelty-to-human-beings exhibits. This reflection is induced by the recent announcement that a "Marathon" race for women is projected in the near future to take place at the Made-in-California exposition building, in the old Panorama building, on South Main street in this city.

We hope this police authorities will find a way to suppress this proposed outrage before the deluded young women, who may be inveigled into engaging in the pitiful display of tired muscles, are on the verge of total collapse. If the police find themselves powerless to interfere in the premises, then perhaps the officers of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals may consider it within their province to call a halt. Surely, if an overworked horse or a belabored mule is a fit object of their compassionate regard, how much more so should be half a dozen gaunt-eyed, hollow-cheeked, physically-exhausted women, striving to come within the endurance time purse limit.

Sport? What a parody on the term such a wretched spectacle entails! We would as lief pay admission fee to see the flogging of a poor devil with the cat-o'-nine-tails as to witness the struggles of a number of limping, halting, squirming contestants, clad in sweaters and abbreviated skirts, moving in perfunctory jerks around a tank track after forty-eight hours of enforced exercise and with only one-third of the specified time elapsed. Talk about the crimes committed in the name of liberty, there is not one in the entire catalogue half so inhuman as that under consideration, perpetrated in the name of "sport!"

Let us stamp with strong disapproval all such repellant as well as reprehensible affairs. This is a community that has a wholesome love for a good horse race, a sharp scrimmage on the grid-iron, a brilliant contest on the diamond field or a smart bout with the gloves—all this is exhilarating sport. We believe, however, it will draw the line at a six-day "Marathon" race with worn-out women struggling against nature to stay in till the finish. If the manager of this projected show persists in his misguided efforts, let him reap the reward of his folly in beggarly attendances. Los Angeles should discourage all such attempts by remaining away from them.

PLAGUE O' QUACK REMEDIES

LOS ANGELES is suffering from a great nuisance which the postal authorities would do well to investigate and stop, if possible. It is a plague of alleged remedial medicines under which we are groaning, hurled at our defenseless heads in sample batches by catarrh cure manufacturers, life-restoring benefactors, facial complexion dispensers, cough syrup mixers, and shaving cream philanthropists. Day after day, for several weeks, in endless rotation, Uncle Sam's gray-liveried messengers have been laying these pestiferous reminders of a benighted east on the desks and at the doors of business and professional men and astonished housewives. We say, astonished, for the ingenuity of these mail-haunters in devising traps for the recipients of their samples and literature is well-calculated to amaze the unwary. Here, for example, is one of the pleasant pieces of fiction now being unloaded on local victims. The letter is dated Baltimore, Md., and reads:

We have your request for a sample of Dr. Blank's cough syrup, and, if we are not mistaken, you also applied for a sample, under date of February 23, for a Mrs. Mitchell Dearly, corner of Fifteenth and Main streets, of your city. The writing in that letter is the same as the letter we received from you today. Since the postmaster has sent us the enclosed card, stating that this package to Mrs. D. cannot be delivered because Mrs. D. cannot be found, we take pleasure in sending you the card and ask that you claim it to cover the request which you make for a sample for yourself. Your letter carrier will no doubt be able to obtain the package for you upon surrender of the enclosed card.

Needless to say, the woman in receipt of this

apparently genuine letter had made no such request as intimated and was, in fact, without a suspicion of bronchial trouble. Postmaster Flint's notification card was enclosed in further evidence of the good faith of the cough syrup maker. This is only one example of many. Another letter, this from Chicago, regrets to advise the recipient that the manufacturer is unable to send a free trial sample of Moribus-ore "as requested in your communication of a recent date." Of course, no request had been made. But the philanthropist of North avenue, Chicago, will send a one dollar package on thirty days' trial if the blank order enclosed is filled out and returned.

Muskegon, Mich., is one of the most persistent offenders in the way of sample packages of a catarrh cure remedy, at least half a dozen tin tubes of a suspicious appearing mixture having been fired in quick succession at the same address. Another sinner, this one from the south, sends a miniature wooden pipe and a pungent preparation of dried herbs which is warranted to cure asthma and all kindred troubles. A New Jersey proprietary house sends a sample tube of shaving cream soap to a woman, together with flowery advertising matter, just as if the Los Angeles fair were habituated to the use of razors. In fact, all the useless stuff enumerated seems to be sent out indiscriminately, few of the recipients having any of the ailments or the wants that call for the alleged remedies and articles furnished. We call upon Postmaster Flint to use his influence to dam this inundation.

GRAPHITES

Chicago's charter revision convention, encouraged by the salutary effects of the recall in Los Angeles, has decided to incorporate this provision in the new charter, the same to apply to any municipal official. The opposition was placated by the agreement to extend the term of elective officers, which it is proposed to make four years, instead of two, as now. Heretofore, the shorter term was considered all too long for the Hinky Dinks and the John Coughlins, but with the recall as a safeguard, to be invoked in case of an emergency, the longer period, it is felt, will not prove a menace. If the convention had insisted upon the election of aldermen at large, instead of by ward, its work would almost equal the quality of Los Angeles' recent charter revision committee's labors, which the people ratified with discriminative judgment, their selections being promptly legalized by the legislature.

Of great interest to the scientific world is the brief report of the attempted dash to the south pole, made by Lieutenant Ernest H. Shackelford of the British navy. The intrepid officer, in the face of great trials and privations, succeeded in reaching latitude 88°23, longitude 162 east, or within 111 miles of the goal, the most southerly point ever attained. Instead of dogs to haul the sledges, hardy ponies were used, and as the provisions lightened, the sturdy little animals, at intervals, were shot and converted into fresh meat. The magnetic pole and eight mountain chains were discovered and one hundred mountains. Mt. Erebus, 13,120 feet in altitude, was ascended by the Shackelford party. The theory of the existence of an area of atmospheric calm around the south pole was disproved. It is pertinent to recall that while this British officer, a lieutenant in the English navy, was pushing onward to the south axis of the earth, an American naval lieutenant, Peary, was striving with equal pertinacity to plant the Stars and Stripes as near the north pole as he could reach. Shackelford has made his report. Peary's is yet to come—if he comes at all.

This month, April 23, the 345th anniversary of Shakespeare's birth will be celebrated, and it is hoped in England that by then enough progress will have been made in the canvass for funds to erect a national memorial theater to the great bard, to insure the ultimate success of the project. This announced plan moves the Springfield Republican to remark that all monuments of stone or brass to Shakespeare's memory are paltry in comparison with his works. Which may be true, but the trend of down-to-date theater managers is away, far away, from Shakespearean plays, which, naturally, means a dearth of Shakespearean expositors. This induces the belief that in another decade the plays of Shakespeare will be as rare on the modern stage as the white hippopotamus is said to be in South Africa. Of a dramatic school, recently opened in this city, the boast is made by one of its financial supporters, that every playwright's productions of merit

are studied in its classes, but those of Shakespeare. This is a reflection on the tendency of present-day tastes, assuming that the above straw points the way of the dramatic wind.

Rev. Dr. James D. Corrothers, a negro poet-preacher of the national capital, has eulogized Senator Joseph Benson Foraker in heroic meter for his defense of the twenty-fifth infantry of negro soldiers, who were discharged on account of the Brownsville affray and whose eligibility for re-enlistment is to be determined by an army court of inquiry yet to be appointed. Rev. Dr. James Corrothers begins his apostrophe in this wise:

We hail thee, noble chieftain from the West!

Lo! twenty years we've seen thee dare to be
A knight! Where some stooped ignominiously
For gain or power, still thy soul's high quest
Was honor for the land thine honor blessed,
And justice for her sons of every degree.

Branding great wrongs, and false "diplomacy."
There are eight more stanzas laudatory of the prowess of earth's "mighty, dark-hued heroes"—including Nimrod, Seti, Rameses and Hannibal, warriors who hurled defiance "in the morning of the world," and not forgetting Toussaint L'Ouverture, Dessalines, Maceo, Smalls, Dumas, Crispus Attucks, and the black soldiers who fought at San Juan. The white senator, who has "put off the cares of state" is wafted to his "grand rest" like Cincinnatus, "with honors," and with the grateful love of the poet. Now, Theodore, will you be good?

E. H. Harriman spoke a wholesome truth when he warned the San Franciscans that they were making a mistake in running their business blocks above the sixth story. This was our comment on the rebuilt city last fall, when the spectacle was presented of numerous untenanted skyscrapers yielding more office room than all of the before-the-fire city knew, and still leaving countless unimproved business lots as a source of expense instead of being income-producing. The Bulletin is frank enough to admit the mistake, saying the rush to build has resulted in a surplus of office room, adding: "It would have been a better policy for the city if every owner of land in the business district had erected on his lot a building not more than six stories high, but resting on foundations that would support from six to ten stories additional. Then the buildings could be enlarged as the city grew and the demand for office room increased."

FROM THE GOLDEN GATE

"All quiet on the Potomac" today. Such peaceful conditions prevail mainly because this morning Judge Murasky of the superior court, in the case of the United Railroads vs. William J. Burns, et al., issued a citation ordering Burns, Assistant District Attorney Hanly, a detective sergeant of police and two of Burns' gumshoe men to show cause why they should not be punished for contempt of court in resisting last Sunday afternoon the order of the court restraining them from further ransacking and rifling the private papers of Patrick Calhoun and other officers of the United Railroads. Moreover, Judge Murasky meanwhile continued the restraining order. Hence, there is no immediate danger of another series of Burns' burglaries and "devastation of men's flocks and fields."

Perhaps it has been difficult for anyone in Los Angeles to appreciate the significance of the amazing events that have occurred in San Francisco in the last few days. Possibly, therefore, a personal narrative may be illuminating. Friday morning, suffering from a severe attack of the gripe, I was sent home to bed by my doctor. Late Saturday night, a telephone message came to my residence in Oakland that my desk in my office in the Pacific building, had been broken into by Burns' spies who had passed the better part of an hour examining its contents and searching and reading my private papers. I was informed that this extraordinary process had occurred under cover of a search warrant which called for the examination of the property of Luther G. Brown, to recover certain papers alleged to have been stolen from the office of William J. Burns.

Early Sunday morning I came to the city and found that my desk, which I had left locked Friday afternoon, filled with the accumulation of private papers in the last two years, was absolutely empty save for two pipes and half a pound of tobacco! It appears that after the first raid Saturday afternoon, my stenographer, fearing that a second raid might be made in the night, had removed all my papers and transferred them

to a place of safety. Incidentally, I may add that although exhaustive search was made of Luther Brown's desk and safe and after the spies had perused all his private papers, they were unable to discover a single document covered by their warrant.

I may explain, in passing, that since May, 1907, I have occupied a desk in Mr. Brown's offices. The warrant under which the six detectives and spies pretended to be acting could under no possible construction or strain call for breaking open and ransacking my desk. The officers and spies were fully informed and warned that the desk and its contents were my personal and private property and that under no stretch of imagination could my desk possibly contain any of the papers for which they pretended to be looking. They paid not the slightest attention to the earnest and vigorous protest made by a friend of mine who happened to be in the office. On the contrary, they insisted on examining and reading such private papers as letters from my wife, my personal accounts, checks, etc. An unanswered letter from the editor of The Graphic happened to be lying open on my writing pad and doubtless the Burns men devoured its contents—I hope to their profit!

I have been an American citizen for ten years. Until last Sunday I had every pride and confidence in that citizenship. For the first time in ten years I regretted that I had ever sworn allegiance to the British government. For I know full well that in the last three hundred years, at least, no such outrage has ever been perpetrated on an innocent citizen in the British empire.

If such things are possible in this land of the free and the brave, I can only attribute it to the fact that the government of the city and county of San Francisco has for nearly two years been prostituted to private control, which makes it possible for a band of conscienceless spies to break all law and to outrage personal rights and liberty guaranteed by the constitution.

My personal experience of course is insignificant, but it is narrated simply and truthfully, that any American citizen may put himself in my place and realize how his own blood would boil.
San Francisco, March 31. R. H. C.

POLITICAL SIDE LIGHTS

Again the complaint is heard in certain quarters that Congressman James McLachlan does not answer correspondence while in attendance upon his duties at the national capital. Time and again has the same charge been registered against the member from the Los Angeles district and there is no doubt this has had more to do with creating for McLachlan all sorts of trouble, when he is an aspirant for re-election, than have any other of the representative's shortcomings. At times he will answer a letter after weeks of suspense, and when he does so the missive either is unsatisfactory in toto or else it treats of another subject than the one in which the constituent was interested when he sought information of the congressman from home. This charge, by the way, does not come from the general public, whose wants in this particular cannot always be attended to at the national capital. The complaint is from McLachlan's most intimate friends, men who are prominent in the business and the professional life of the community, and men who, at election time frequently are called upon to contribute funds toward McLachlan's campaign, or assist him in other material ways.

In striking contrast is the conduct of Senator Frank P. Flint, according to my authority in both instances noted. This gentleman, one of the best known residents of Pasadena, says he had occasion to write to Congressman McLachlan a few weeks ago and his letter has not yet been answered, although more than a month has elapsed since it was mailed. At the same time he wrote a letter to Senator Flint, in which he begged the indulgence of the latter in a matter that, while trivial, possibly, to the senator, was of importance to the correspondent at this end. He wanted to secure the autograph of Theodore Roosevelt, then still president of the United States, for a young son, who had asked that Senator Flint use his influence with the then White House occupant to secure the favor. In his reply, received last week, Senator Flint, after apologizing for apparent tardiness, explained that the cause of the delay was attributable to Mr. Roosevelt's oversight of the request, a natural neglect in the bustle incidental to the closing days

of his administration. Senator Flint added that he would procure the autograph of President Taft the next time he called at the White House, and with it should come a sentiment for the Pasadena youngster from the new chief executive of the nation.

"Now, the point I want to make," remarked the Pasadena man telling the story, "is that while my letter to Flint was of a most trivial nature, that to McLachlan was really of importance to me. Yet the one answered promptly and the other has yet to be heard from. Will I stand for Frank Flint's return to his present position? Just you wait and see! Am I interested in another term for James McLachlan in congress? Ask me later." Which brings to mind that after 1910 it will not be Congressman McLachlan of the Los Angeles district. This city will be in a congressional district by itself under the next federal apportionment, and while McLachlan may be returned it will be from Pasadena, probably, if at all.

When Frank P. Flint makes his campaign for re-election as United States senator next year, his best argument will be an exceedingly strong indorsement written by Theodore Roosevelt in the last days of the late national administration. According to a national capital correspondent, the strenuous ex-President has placed himself on record in a letter, wherein he says of California's senior senator, that the latter has been for five years past among the strongest as well as one of the cleanest-cut figures in the upper house of the national congress.

When Will D. Stephens, as mayor of Los Angeles, vetoed the public utility rate ordinances this week, he played what, in political circles, is referred to as a lone hand. Mayor Stephens, popularly regarded until recently as part of the Republican machine, smote that particular combination, hip and thigh, when he disapproved the tariff schedules, by the terms of which the Home Telephone company expected the privilege of taxing its patrons the service rates conceded to the Sunset. There are no thicker cronies in town than W. D. Stephens and President A. B. Cass, of the Home Telephone company. So that when the blow fell Monday, it struck home with a vengeance.

I am told that a coterie of choice spirits, convinced that the city council would enact the recent public utility service ordinances, clubbed together and purchased a block of the stocks expected to be directly affected by the councilmanic action taken later. These particular securities were to be held until after the mayor had attached his signature to the ordinances in interest. Then the stock was to be fed out and the profits to be divided among members of the pool, share and share alike. It looked like a beautiful thing. But along came Mayor Stephens, with his little veto, and knocked the plan into a cocked hat. Result: The syndicate still has its stocks, and if it does not get cold feet it will reap its reward later. It is believed that when all of the members of the city council are in their seats the several ordinances disapproved will be re-enacted.

While there is a difference of opinion as to whether or not what was done was good politics, there is little adverse criticism passed by disinterested parties on Mayor Stephens' action. His arguments for withholding his signature were sound—he has not had the time to examine into the ordinances, just as he says, and he did his duty in returning them to their creators, leaving responsibility of approval to the council. Perhaps he might have permitted the Home Telephone company to be placed on all-fours with its older rival without injuring his conscience, but that is a question I am not disposed to discuss. It was unfair to ask a ten-days' mayor to settle this knotty problem, anyway.

With the adjournment of the legislature those who regard politics as a profession from now on will devote their talents toward the coming municipal campaign. With a direct primary doing business for the first time in the history of the city, a lot of the old timers are puzzled as to what will happen here next August. The campaign should prove itself a hummer, to say the least.

With the new direct primary law in working order it is certain that the next contest for the shrievalty will disclose the most picturesque conflict Los Angeles county has ever seen. The battle will be between Will A. Hammel and Leo V. Youngworth, United States marshal, and the struggle will be worth going miles to see.

Poets and Poetry of

Responding to the address of welcome in San Francisco the other day Ambassador Bryce paid warm tribute to the physical environment enjoyed by Californians, which, he said, conduced to the development of art and poetry to a marked degree that one day must make the state famous as a literary and artistic center. Mr. Bryce was not indulging in airy persiflage when he said this; he possesses temperament, knowledge, culture and poetic instincts—and these attributes were reflected in the observation credited to him.

Perhaps he is not unfamiliar with what has been accomplished by the men and women who have felt the lure of the mountains in their blood, whose hearts have throbbed in unison with the moan of the long breakers, echoed the lilt of the meadow-lark in the luscious springtime, reveled in the intoxicating scent of orange blossom, joyed in the music of canyon streams onrushing to the valleys below, communed in the solitude of the desert as their souls expanded under the big, low-hanging stars, indulged their imaginations in the neglected courts of crumbling mission walls, or lay in luxurious ease neath the languorous southern sky, and yielded to the charm of the most seductive climate in the world. Poetry? Why, the country is full of it and ever since the days of the Argonauts it has found interpreters who have sung of its glories in melting measures or impassioned strains in accordance with the emotions that swayed the souls of the singers.

What a cluster of brilliants is that evolved by retrospective glance! Forestalling Charles Warren Stoddard, whose genius found expression in the pages of the Golden Era of ante-bellum days, is the short-lived muse of the gifted Edward Pollock, who died December 13, 1856, at the age of 33. His art is full of imagery and lofty conceptions. Perhaps the poem most redolent of the land he loved is that entitled "Evening," beginning:

The air is chill and the hour grows late
And the clouds come in through the Golden Gate,
Phantom fleets they seem to me,
From a shoreless and unsounded sea;
Their shadowy spars and misty sails,
Unshattered have weathered a thousand gales;
Slow, wheeling, lo, in squadrons grey,
They part and hasten across the bay,
Each to its anchorage finding way.

John Rollin Ridge is another of the earlier poets of California who found his inspiration in mountain and river, vale and sea, sunlight and starlight. A collection of his poems was published in the late 60's in San Francisco. Contemporary with Ridge was the young Scotchman, James Linen, whose lyrics and ballads were current when San Francisco was still in its teens. The two volumes of his verse do not betray a high order of merit, but his ballad-writing has both pathos and power. Lyman Goodman, a brother of the founder of the famous Virginia Territorial Enterprise, was a true poet. He died at 24, succumbing to mountain fever, but not before he had left many evidences of his talent in sonnet, madrigal and lyric, to keep green his memory. An ill-starred genius was W. S. Kendall, who preceded the brilliant, but equally unhappy Richard Realf to a suicide's grave by nearly three years, in January, 1876. Kendall was a moody soul, but with an eye for color effect and a mind given to riotous fancies, as witness this description of a California midsummer afternoon:

The fountains plash, the coy winds fan the leaves;
A misty languor of expectant bliss
Pervades the earth, the sea, the sky—
I think of ripe lips thirsting for a kiss.

As journalist, critic and poet, James F. Bowman, who passed away early in the eighties, holds high place in the literary annals of the state. Perhaps it is not strange that so few of the earlier California poets reflected that local color which is a marked characteristic of so many that followed after. They came to the coast with impressions fixed and the songs they sung were conceived in the homes they had left behind, although given utterance in the new territory. It is not until a later generation of the seventies and eighties begins to pipe that the distinctive physical charms of California are found inspiring the local bards to metrical language.

Among the earlier women poets of the coast the name of Eliza Pittsinger must not be overlooked. She came to California in the early sixties. Her verse is mainly of thematic mould, with large topics as her inspiration. Her productions are earnest, serious affairs, which have been collected under the title "Bugle Peals." Says one of her contemporary critics: "When her muse came down from the sacred mount it was at the invocation of serried battalions, not to smiling Cupids beckoning from beds of roses." Several examples of her lyrical efforts are given in "Poetry of the Pacific," that valuable anthology compiled and published by May Wentworth, herself a poet, in 1867. Minnie Myrtle, of sad memory, is another of the women poets who sang in a minor key, but with deep earnestness and feeling. Adah Isaacs Menken's poetry has the temperament of her race, but her work, though brilliant betrays uncultivation.

Ranking with the earlier California women poets, and known equally well at this end of the state as in the north, is Ina D. Coolbrith, a native of Illi-

nois, but a resident of California ever since she was a little girl. Her charming verse is replete with local color and much of it evidences tender poetic feeling combined with great beauty of construction. Her "Meadowlarks" is as graceful and delicate as a piece of gossamer lace. The appended stanza well discloses the bent of her muse:

Sweet, sweet, sweet! Who prates of care and pain?
Who says that life is sorrowful? O, life, so glad, so fleet!
Ah! he who lives the noblest life, finds life the noblest gain.
The tears of pain a tender rain to make its waters sweet:

With Bret Harte's poetic contributions the masses are more familiar than with any of the California singers already noted. He came to the coast in 1854, lured by the gold excitement and the prospects of fortune. His early work in the Californian first attracted attention to his genius, but it was in the six years that he acted as secretary of the United States branch mint at San Francisco, from 1864 to 1870, that his most notable and characteristic poems appeared, "John Burns of Gettysburg," "The Pliocene Skull" and "Society Upon the Stanislaus," among the number. In the Overland Monthly, of which magazine Mr. Harte became the editor in 1868, much of his most virile productions in prose and poetry first saw light. His best verse, it is agreed, is to be found in his dramatic dialogues of which "Jim," "In the Tunnel" and "The Heathen Chinese" are regarded as masterpieces. To our thinking his best poem, artistically considered, is "Dickens in Camp." We have room here for only the first and two concluding stanzas:

Above the pines the moon was slowly drifting,
The river sang below:
The dim Sierras, far beyond, uplifting
Their minarets of snow.
* * * * *
Lost is that camp; but let its fragrant story
Blend with the breath that thrills
With hop-vine's incense all the pensive glory
That fills the Keutish hills.
* * * * *
And on that grave where English oak and holly
And laurel wreaths entwine,
Deem it not all a too presumptuous folly
This spray of western pine!

As eccentric and unconventional today as he was in the early seventies, when his poems, "Songs of the Sierras," made a great stir in England, Cincinnati Heine Miller, or Joaquin Miller, as he is known to fame, remains one of the greatest lights of California literature, despite the fact that of recent years he has produced nothing worthy of note. But his originality, his untrammelled style and vigor of thought and expression entitle him to high rank among American poets. As has been well said, "In the sweeping rush of his rhythm there is a suggestion of the roaring streams and swaying forests whose music he heard in his youth," when, in the fifties, he delved for gold in the California hills. Who can forget "Kit Carson's Ride" or "The Ship in the Desert?" Regarding his "Passing of Tennyson," Ambrose Bierce has aptly said, "It is a superb instance of what we have agreed to name inspiration. . . . Who but a great poet would have thought—who but Joaquin Miller did think of a nexus between the death of Tennyson and California's unseasonable rain?" Here is the closing stanza to which Mr. Bierce refers:

All silent. . . . Lo, he lies in state. . . .
Our redwoods drip and drip with rain. . . .
Against our rock-locked Golden Gate
We hear the great sad sobbing main,
But silent all. . . . He walked the stars
That year the whole world turned to Mars.

Charles Warren Stoddard made his advent on the Pacific coast in 1850, when a lad of 7. He has always been a favorite author with Californians, and his flights of poetry have evidenced the great love he bears for the state in which he passed so many happy years. This affectionate regard is intensified in his poem on California as the first stanza, here given, well denotes:

Oh, thou, my best beloved! My pride, my boast
Stretching thy glorious length along the West;
Within the grille of thy sunlit coast,
From pine to palm, from palm to every crest,
All fruits, all flowers, all cereals are blest,
And there, the precious hearts still spared to me
Beckon: and there my holy dead find rest—
Under the Mountain Lone, the Calvary,
Fanned by the winds that sweep the Occidental Sea.

Edwin Rowland Sill first came to California in 1862, remaining here until 1867, when he returned to the east, but settled in Oakland in 1871 as principal of the high school, later filling the chair of English literature in the state university at Berkeley. A scholar, an idealist, his aim as a teacher was to stimulate a fine personality rather than to impart knowledge, we are told. The dominant trait in his poetry is spirituality, whether in describing nature or dealing with the deep hearts of men. He produced slowly and as he died at 45 his literary output is necessarily incomplete. But he has given us quality at least and as one of his critics has truly observed, "The charm, suggestion

and strength of his verse cannot be gainsaid." Here is a philosophic little psalm of his, called "Life:"

Forenoon and afternoon and night,—Forenoon,
And afternoon, and night,—Forenoon, and—What!
The empty song repeats itself. No more?
Yea, that is Life: make this forenoon sublime,
This afternoon a psalm, this night a prayer,
And Time is conquered, and thy crown is won.

Richard Realf, poet and soldier, whose strong and original poems will be remembered with keen interest by old-time readers of the Argonaut, met self-inflicted death at Oakland in October, 1878. The day before he ended all his earthly troubles he wrote a pathetic poem which he called "Vale!" In the appended first stanza is sung his own requiem:

"De mortuis nil nisi bonum." When
For me this end has come and I am dead,
And the little, voluble, chattering daws of men
Peck at me curiously, let it then be said
By some one brave enough to tell the truth:
Here lies a great soul killed by cruel wrong.
Down all the balmy days of his fresh youth
To his bleak, desolate noon, with sword and song,
And speech that rushed up hotly from the heart,
He wrought for liberty, till his own wound
(He had been stabbed), concealed by painful art
Through wasting years, mastered him and he swooned,
And sank there where you see him lying now,
With that word, "Failure," written on his brow.

John Vance Cheney drifted Californiward in 1876, when he was a young man of 28. He studied for the law and practiced for a time in New York city, but deserted the bar for the muse when he reached the coast, a position as public librarian in San Francisco permitting his fancy free play. Mr. Cheney excels in the lighter lyrical poems, treating of love and nature, and his work finds ready acceptance in the best magazines. For the last fifteen years, or more, the poet has been in charge of the Newberry library at Chicago, a position he only recently resigned. George Horton, now United States consul at Athens, who formerly taught school at Oakland, has published two books of poetry having the titles "Songs of the Lowly" and "Aphroessa." Much of his verse is of high grade.

Charles Edwin Markham was born in Oregon, but lived in California from the time he was 5 years old until his growing talents as a poet of distinction took him to New York to give his productions the benefit of the larger market. Like Rowland Sill, Mr. Markham taught school at Oakland until the demand of the muse became too insistent to be subordinated to pedagogy. Of fine quality, with a touch of the saga in many of his more pretentious efforts, his poetry has found favor both on the Atlantic and Pacific coasts.

Other poets first introduced through the Argonaut were Emma Frances Dawson of San Francisco, Kate M. Bishop and Annie Lake Townsend. All three produced work of a high order twenty-five years ago, although little of it has been preserved in permanent form or is known to the present generation, more's the pity. Mary H. Field was a contributor to the Californian, which from 1880 to 1882 fairly scintillated with brilliant writing. Her poetry evinced a delicate touch and an insight that proved the artist. Contemporary with her was Daniel S. Richardson, who sang of the redwoods and revealed nature in all her variant moods. A native California poet of that era was Richard Henry White, whose verses have been collected in a volume entitled "The Cross of Monterey." Another native son who was touched with the singing gift was Charles H. Phelps, who was born in Stockton, and whose graceful verses one occasionally met in the best magazines a quarter of a century ago. He was also a regular contributor to the short-lived Californian.

General Lucius Harwood Foote's name was appended to many felicitous bits of verse in the same publication, one of which, "Sutter's Fort," pays a deserved tribute to the "Staunch old captain, with courtly grace," who dispensed his favors with open hand to countless numbers in the early days. With a pretty fancy and a delicate touch, Louise H. Webb, a sister of Mrs. Irving M. Scott, penned many dainty bits of verse which appeared in the Californian and the Argonaut of a quarter of a century ago. "Jubilant" graphically and picturesquely portrays the view of San Francisco bay and surroundings from the Berkeley hills. Edmund Russell, too, is numbered among the contributors of poetry to the evanescent Californian. Mrs. Henry Washburn, the Jean Bruce, we opine, who wrote in the late sixties, a decade after published a book of tuneful verse descriptive of the beauties of the Yosemite valley.

Madge Morris Wagner's poems appeared mainly in the Golden Era, which resuscitated periodical later transferred its place of publication to San Diego. Her work shows sincerity and power, but is lacking in polish and style. Clarence Urmy, a native son, was a contributor of meritorious verse to the new Golden Era, as also were Lilian Hinman Shuey, Alice Denison Wiley, Fannie H. Avery, Carrie Stevens Walter, Walter E. Adams, Edward E. Cothran and David Lesser Lezinsky. Mrs.

California==1852=1909 By S. T. C. ❀

Anna M. Fitch, wife of the silver-tongued Thomas Fitch, in her younger days wrote not a little excellent verse, which, however, a later generation knows not. Other verse writers of California note include Ina Lillian Peterson, a niece of Ina D. Coolbrith, whose sonnets evince decided poetic merit; Emily Brown Powell, Virna Woods, Anna Morrison Reed and Lillian Plunkett. Clarence Urmy, noted above as one of the contributors to the revived Golden Era, is being recognized in the eastern magazines for his graceful verse. The following, "A California Psalm," is from a recent number of Putnam's:

I lifted up mine eyes unto the hills
Where fair Los Gatos like a lovely gem
Is set in California's diadem;
The sky was wreathed with sunset daffodils,
And honey-dew that twilight-hour distills
Lay on the poppy fields and wet the hem
Of Evening's robe, who softly sang to them
A slumber song of Dreamland vales and rills.
Unto the hills I lifted up mine eyes
As one who seeks some guerdon or reward,
And lo! into my heart of hearts there crept
The grateful balm that weary mortals prize—
The help that cometh even from the Lord—
And, gazing long, I ceased to gaze, and slept.

Wallace Bruce, Elizabeth Chamberlain Wright and William O. Dickson are entitled to place with the coast poets, their single effusions of really superior merit occupying space in Mrs. Ella Sterling Cummins' painstaking and comprehensive review of California writers and literature, entitled "The Story of the Files," now out of print, and to whose pages the present reviewer is indebted for much of the information gained of the earlier poets of California. Mrs. Cummins recalls the name of Daniel O'Connell, who came to the coast in 1868 from the English navy, and later became connected with daily journalism. A volume of verse entitled "Lyrics" is to his credit and from specimens seen it is evident the author possessed poetic ability of fine lyric quality.

Of the poets in the northern part of the state who remain to sing at this day we can recall only two of genuine merit, George Sterling of "A Wine of Wizardry" fame, now living at Carmel-by-the-Sea, and Charles A. Keeler of Berkeley, unless, indeed, we except Wallace Irwin, now living in New York, but for seven years a resident of California. His music, however, is not cast in serious lines, but his facility for versification of the lighter order is extraordinary. The muse of the first named is inclined to be a warm-blooded divinity with a taste for red fire and passionate expression. Yet he can sing in calmer strains as witness this from "An April Morning":

There broods a peace upon the hills,
Too vast for morning winds to break,
Though murmurs through the broken rills,
And voices of the woodland wake,
Till half I turn to hear again
The flutes of Arcady at dawn,
And rout of hurrying nymphs that feign
To dread the kisses of the fawn.

Mr. Keeler is obsessed by a gentler goddess. His lilting lines denote the dreamer, the sentimentalist, the softer poetic instincts that soothe instead of quickening the senses as with Sterling's outbursts. In the "Way of the World," appended, may be discerned the sound philosophy as well as the poetic beauties of Mr. Keeler's genius:

The old world goes its way, my dear,
The old world goes its way,
Though hearts may break and lives may fail,
Though rosy cheeks grow wan and pale,
We do but as we may, my dear,
We do but as we may!
The old world goes its way, my dear,
The old world goes its way,
And some rejoice while others weep,
And some have sown who may not reap;
For time bears all away, my dear,
For time bears all away!
The old world goes its way, my dear,
The old world goes its way,
But, spite of cares and spite of tears
A mighty purpose thrills the years,
And who would say, it may, my dear,
And who would say it may?

Among the early poets of Southern California the name of A. T. Hawley recurs. He was from Tennessee, and at one time was associate editor under Major Ben Truman of the Los Angeles Star. His work possessed a fine literary flavor and his muse reveled in descriptions of the missions and mission life, with pastoral inclinations. Another old-time poet of this region was the courtly Colonel E. J. C. Kewen, former owner of El Molino Rey, that picturesque old mill in the San Gabriel valley now the property of Mr. Huntington. A book of verse was the product of his younger days, but in later life only a few fugitive poems issued from his graceful pen. Mrs. Howard, wife of Judge Volney E. Howard, was the author of many charming bits of verse descriptive of missions, but of her work nothing in permanent book form remains for this generation. One of her poems, "Byron," finds admission to "Poetry of the Pacific."

Leroy E. Mosher, well-remembered in this city

as the associate editor of the Times, wrote not a little meritorious verse. Like poor Realf and Kendail, he took his own life while in a fit of despondency. "The Stranded Bugle," perhaps the best-known of his poems, had pathetic significance of his own untimely end, his bruised body being found mute on the ocean beach.

Albert F. Kercheval is little known at this day, but twenty-five years ago the poems of this gifted Los Angelen were widely quoted in the state and out of it. The Bancrofts published a thick volume of his collected verse in 1883 bearing the title "Dolores, and Other Poems." A daughter, Rosalie, seems to have inherited not a little of her father's talent, the latter portion of the book comprising her poetic offerings. The elder Kercheval ranged over a wide field but his creative work evinces remarkable power and extraordinary versatility. The long poem "Dolores" is a legend of the San Gabriel mission, in blank verse, and abounds in splendid descriptions of the Southern California scenery, before the gringo came. "Shakespeare" is in a lofty vein, as befits the subject, and the treatment is worthy of the great master. California subjects are numerous and the southern part of the state, especially, attracted his poetic ardor, as witness his "Mission, San Fernando," "Mount San Bernardino," "Moonlight in Los Angeles," "Sierra Madre," "San Diego" and many others of well-known local import. In all a fine conception is discernible with an almost utter absence of the commonplace.

Philosophical and evolutionary is the "Apistophelon" of Dr. Frank D. Bullard, a really remarkable poem in which three disputants present their arguments in favor respectively of orthodoxy, unitarianism and agnosticism. The devotee, the doubter and the disbeliever contend through one hundred and forty quatrains in rubaiyat form, in which the poet undoubtedly reveals his own soul-searchings for light and truth. He rejects the creed that one must do right on earth to gain reward hereafter for the less selfish belief that one should do right for right's sake and not because of a prize that is held out. His summing up is:

Then cultivate the plants and cut the weeds,
And grow a crop of Worth from noble deeds.
So when the Harvest of our Life is gleaned
The World shall profit, for we sowed good seeds.

"Cupid's Chalice," also by Frank D. Bullard, is a collection of love songs and lyrics, together with a number of translations from Horace, "Old Wine of Sabine Vintage." Both the original poems and the translations show a nice facility for rhyming combined with real poesy.

One of the most prolific writers of verse in Southern California was the late Eliza A. Otis, whose powers of description rather outstripped her felicity of expression. Her effusions have been gathered in a memorial volume bearing the title "In California—Where Sets the Sun." Henry Linden Flash also belongs to the Southern California tier of poets, a collection of his metrical work appearing in book form three years ago. The contents are of varying merit and the topics range from love lyrics to war poems of patriotic fervor. A true lyric poet is John S. McGroarty, whose "Wander Songs" were reviewed in The Graphic a few months ago. Mr. McGroarty has a fine sense of rhythm, combined with a Celtic temperament that inspires to Parnassian heights. He has read his Fiona Macleod to good advantage and unconsciously has reflected the lilt of her haunting rhymes in several instances. His "King's Highway" (El Camino Real), "The Green Glen of Glenties" and "The Hills of Santa Cruz" attest Mr. McGroarty's right to rank with the first singers of the state.

Many poetic thoughts have been given a metrical setting in the columns of the local daily press from time to time over the signature of Neeta Marquis. Her work is rather uneven in point of literary execution, but her muse has a pretty fancy, as the annexed example of her work, "At Twilight," which appeared in the March Sunset, proves:

Like scimitars the eucalyptus blades
Cut through the sunset; their curved edges keen
Its dripping redness hold; their outlines clean
Are etched the purer as the swift glow fades.
They loom like memories distinct and rare,
Sharp silhouetted with mellowing art
On the horizon of some loving heart
Whose sun has set and left but twilight there.

Ruby Archer's poetic contributions, while crude in execution, at times, evince a profound love for outdoors and often disclose considerable merit.

Grace Adele Pierce is a name seen appended to many attractive poems having for their inspiration home and heart interests of the gentler, unimpassioned type, also to poems of nature in her pensive moods. She is a resident of Santa Monica. Two volumes of her collected verse have been published. Another of the quieter poets is Alice Irvine Henderson, whose dreamy "Interludes" was reviewed in The Graphic last December. Henry Reed Conant is of the more virile trend of local poets. The mechanics of his verse are seldom slovenly or faulty, and his muse often essays lofty flights.

Here, for example, is a little poem, "God's Love," which shows the high purpose of the singer:

I know, where'er my feet may be,
Though prone to stray,
His watchful eye is over me,
Both night and day.
And, though oftentimes this heart has erred,
'Mid worldly cares,
I know His pardoning ear has heard
My humble prayers.
At all times, e'en when I have failed
To do His will,
His love has in my heart prevailed,
And guides me still.

E. A. Brininstool is well known to readers of the Express for his daily offerings in verse. Not all are of a high order, but many gems fall from his industrious pen in the course of the year. Here is the concluding stanza of one of his more recent poems, "The West For Me.":

O, the boundless West, and the wild, free life that is spent in the open air,
With the handiwork of the God of All in the plains and the mountains there!
I love the sweep of the streams that creep from the hills to the throbbing sea,
And I hear their call as the shadows fall—O, the West, the West for me!

One of the fairest of home singers, whose fine poetic touch is noted all too rarely, is Gertrude Darlow, of the Los Angeles public library staff. Miss Darlow is a lyrist of exceptional merit, with lofty conceptions and a nice sense of rhythm. A beautiful nature is reflected in her charming verse which never sinks to mediocrity and is always inspiring and uplifting in its tendency. "Sweet April," here given, is a happy illustration of her delicate art:

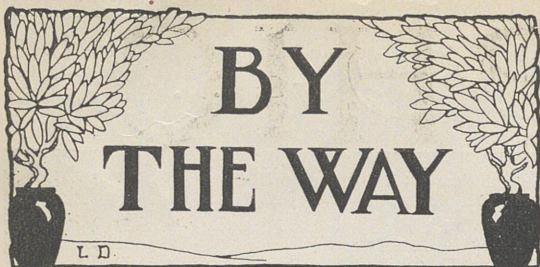
Sweet April! Child of sun and shade,
By turn in smiles and tears arrayed,
As glad to come yet half afraid
To follow after March;
No other month can imitate
Your charm as frail, as delicate,
Bewitching, blithe and arch.

Perhaps the most promising of all the younger poets of California, north or south, is Caroline Reynolds, a niece of the ad interim mayor, W. D. Stephens. Miss Reynolds' name is a familiar one to readers of The Graphic, much of her lofty, finished creations having appeared in these pages in the last four years. Her work evidences unusual insight into the deeper human feelings for one so young—she is only 20—and a perfect ear never permits a false rhyme or a halting line to mar the beauty of her productions. Within the last six months the six or seven remarkably fine poems printed in The Graphic over her signature attest her extraordinary perception and interpretative powers and reveal her possession of poetic talent of a high order. Than her "The Quest," "When We Two Ride Together," "The Storm," "Destiny" and "Spring Song" nothing finer has appeared elsewhere in current periodicals, east or west, in the same period. The last named poem is reproduced here as a fair example of the lighter mood of her muse:

Adown the vale the elfish Pan is piping rondelays,
A song of youth and joy and love; a lilt of sunlit days;
And deep the murmur of the sea means through the leafing trees:
A call of Spring, the gypsy Spring that rides the balmy breeze,
And over hills and over dales the witching gypsy goes,
The sunlight tangled in her locks where rests a new-blown rose;
With dusky eyes like forest pools, where sips the thirsty deer,
With wine-red lips that laugh or pout, and mock old Pan's weird leer.
And where she treads the flowers bloom and lush green grasses grow,
And when she laughs 'tis like the winds that through the lilacs blow,
And when she weeps 'tis like the rain that drips in shadowed pall
Across the mist-hung pasture fields a-dream at evenfall.
And over dales and over hills and o'er the rim of day
Into the gray of twilight hours the gypsy goes her way;
And Life is Youth and Youth is Love and Love is all in all,
When sweet above the Pipes of Pan there rings the gypsy's call.

Editor Bok, in the current Ladies' Home Journal, complains that he is not able to get good poetry, "nor can anyone else," he ventures to assert, so far as his observation goes. We recommend to his notice Miss Reynolds' muse or the poetic work of Miss Darlow. Either one is well worth while. The first-named for strength and beauty, the latter for delicate charm and graceful expression. Southern California is sure to produce many fine poets as the native-born continue to blossom under the generous sun of this ineffable climate and begin to reflect from within the glories of their birthright. Ambassador Bryce speaks with a seer's voice, California is destined to occupy a prominent place in the Union before many years as the home of glorious singers, wonderful painters and divinely-gifted poets. It is inevitable.

S. T. C.



No Such Thing as Fail

"When a woman will she will, you may depend on't," runs an old adage and, inferentially, when a score of women will the same thing how much more certain it is that what they will shall come to pass. This bit of deductive philosophy is inspired by the announced determination of the indefatigable members of the directorate and building committees of the Los Angeles orphans' home to raise \$75,000 by popular subscription, within thirty days, to build new and model quarters at Colegrove, where Charles M. Stimson has given this worthy institution five acres of land. For several years such a flitting from the "shut-in" locality in the vicinity of Sonoratown has been under contemplation, and Mr. Stimson's gift of a site has clinched the matter. There will be five buildings, all interconnected, with the administration building in the center, and with the best modern ideas introduced by the architects, Messrs. Parkinson & Bergstrom. Mrs. Edward Neisser is president of the board. B. F. Coulter is treasurer. The chairman of the building committee is Mrs. Ernest Bryant, the treasurer, Mrs. W. E. Dunn, and the secretary Mrs. E. T. Pettigrew. Mrs. John S. Chapman is chairman of the sub-committee of finance and Mrs. Allan C. Balch assistant chairman. Get your checks ready, gentlemen, and don't keep the women waiting. It is one of the worthiest charities in the city their big hearts are aiding.

Editor Howe Greets the Travelers

Down in the Imperial Valley Willis H. Booth and the Frank Wiggins chamber of commerce traveling contingent made a great hit this week. Here is the way my poetic friend, Edgar F. Howe, editor of the Imperial Standard, greeted the invaders:

Frank Wiggins and his retinue sailed into the valley early this morning in a special train in time to hear the song of the roosters welcoming the new morn. They tarried not by the way as they sped southward until they had paid their compliments to the sister republic on the south. As they came in they heard the morning stars sing together and then they gave up the day to the melody of the pasture. They looked on the fields of green, and the verdancy of the valley reminded them of their boyhood days, when they, too—or some of them—were green. But they are not green now, not one of the bunch, and they know they are out for a good time, and they are having it, and from Calexico to the nethermost parts of the valley they spread the glad tidings of good will.

Then, with consummate art, having delivered himself of this pleasing prose poem, Editor Howe proceeded to tell the visitors from Los Angeles how negligent they have been in the past to the interests of the valley, which are their own best interests and to advise them to make amends by reaching out in the broad basin and gobbling up all the trade on a reciprocity basis. It is good advice.

Editor Johnson Rejoices

Another Edgar, also an editor—Edgar Johnson of the Orange County Tribune—is joyously caroling this week because of the celebration of the twentieth anniversary of his founding of the splendid weekly his brains and energy have been furnishing the appreciative citizens of Fullerton for two decades. For the support of his friends Edgar properly returns thanks, but for the opposition he has well-expressed contempt, by remarking that "windjammers, two-faced hypocrites and backbiters have started in many times to put the paper out of business, but it 'keeps a coming' and grows stronger every year." I felicitate Brother Johnson on reaching the double decade of prosperity and hasten to wish him many happy returns of the day.

Excellent Choice For Secretary

Mayor Alexander rather departed from custom when he named as his confidential secretary, F. G. Henderson, a bright young lawyer, and the present secretary of the City club. That particular job for years appears to have been conceded to the news writing profession, a custom having its inception in Mayor M. P. Snyder's first term. Young Henderson, by the way, never was secretary to Governor Gage, as stated in a morning

paper. For a time he was a clerk for Gage & Foley, attorneys, and it was about that time that he was named as a non-partisan candidate for the lower house of the legislature, being defeated by Fred Pierce, Republican, by a narrow margin. Indeed, it was whispered while the returns were being canvassed, that Mr. Henderson had been "machined" out of the election. As the mayor's secretary he will draw a salary of \$200 a month, as against \$300 a month paid to his chief. Herbert D. Kennedy, the keeper of the Arthur C. Harper conscience, has retired to his estate out Glendale way. Prior to his official preferment, Kennedy had been a reporter for the Examiner.

John Blackwood's Success

Wednesday of this week there occurred a session of more than ordinary interest in theatrical circles. The occasion was the first dividend meeting of the stockholders of the Blackwood corporation, controlling the Lewis S. Stone company, as well as the Belasco. John H. Blackwood, head of the concern, has made a remarkable success of the enterprise, which just prior to his assuming charge was close to the verge of collapse. I am told that the house is coining money since Blackwood returned to it, after he had severed all relations with the Belasco-Los Angeles interests. Contrary to general opinion, Manager Blackwood alone controls the Grand Opera house, those with him in the Belasco having no proprietorship in the more northerly Main street house.

"Billy" Mead on Top

William Mead, former head of the Central National bank of this city, has more than recovered his old financial status, according to advices from Portland. Mr. Mead went to the northwest soon after his retirement from the institution he had founded down here. In the ten years that he had swayed the fortunes of his bank he accumulated a personal fortune that would have reached up into the millions, but for the monetary stringency which happened along to mar his plans. Home Telephone securities caught him at a critical time, and nearly engulfed him. I understand that Mr. Mead has finally financed all of his northwestern enterprises, and that he as well as a large number of friends who backed his investment judgment before the panic will emerge triumphant. Good for "Billy" Mead.

Gothenburg Idea in Portland

When I read, a few days ago, of an attempt that is to be made in Portland to "Gothenburg" the saloon problem in that city, my mind carried me back to the time, about five years ago, when Mr. Mead, and others who thought as he did, advocated the plan here. Mr. Mead's name was not mentioned in the Portland dispatch, but I am ready to wager a stein that the former president of the Central National is promoting in the Oregon metropolis the theory he so ably presented here in 1904.

Legislative Delegation Honored

Here is Lee C. Gates figuring as one of the principal promoters of a feast of reason to be pulled off this Saturday evening in honor of Speaker Phil A. Stanton and the Los Angeles delegation to the late legislature. A delegation, pro-machine, if ever there was one sent from down this way to Sacramento. And Arthur Letts, the pink of political propriety, also a chief booster in the same affair, with a late vice-president of the United States among those scheduled to be present. That the honor to be conferred upon the Los Angeles delegation has been fairly well earned is pretty generally conceded. But that Messrs. Gates and Letts should openly admit the facts must give to a few of the professional reformers in the community something of a chill. I wonder if the principal owner of The Express approves the activity of his mayoralty candidate of two years ago, in this instance.

New Armory Will Be a Credit

Governor Gillett having signed the act passed for the purpose by the late legislature, Los Angeles soon will have a national guard armory that will be a credit to the state. The bill carries an appropriation of \$150,000, and the funds will be available after July 1. The armory is pretty certain to be located in Sixth district agricultural park, where also will be the proposed new state exposition building, in the event the act for the latter purpose secures executive approval.

Keep Your Ears Open

Philip A. Stanton, speaker of the late state assembly, is expected to reiterate at the dinner this evening his assertion that in no circumstances

will he be an aspirant for governor in the next state campaign. In fact, he probably will say again that he has retired from politics insofar as office holding is concerned. By chance, the day following the election of George Alexander as mayor of Los Angeles, Stanton returned home. The late speaker and the new mayor have not been political cronies for a number of years. In fact, it was the former who put the latter out of the running in the Republican primaries last year, when the mayor, then a supervisor, tried hard to be returned for another four years to office.

Masonic Outing to Mexico

There is at present under way an excursion that is certain to attract considerable attention by the time the details have been all worked out. A special train is being chartered by members of the Masonic fraternity in Southern California who are to accompany to the southern republic the traveling trowel of the order that has been in local jurisdiction for several weeks. It is understood that when the Southern California trekkers reach the City of Mexico President Diaz and several other Mexican dignitaries will meet them with open arms. The excursionists are to be away from home about two weeks and already most of the Pullman space for the trip has been engaged. Diaz and all of his strongest cabinet ministers are Masons.

Cynic's View of Life

My good friend, C. B. Boothe, sends me the following cynical consideration of life which he assures me he received from a New Yorker who has temperament enough to have had all the experiences he recites: "Man comes into this world without his consent and leaves it against his will. During his stay on earth his time is passed in one continuous round of contraries and misunderstandings by the remainder of the species. In his infancy he is an angel; in his boyhood he is a devil; in his manhood he is everything from a lizard up; in his duties he is a d—n fool; if he raises a family he is a chump; if he raises a small check he is a thief and then the law raises the devil with him; if he is a poor man he is a poor manager and has no sense; if he is rich he is dishonest, but considered smart; if he is in politics he is a grafter and a crook; if he is out of politics you can't place him as he is an undesirable citizen; if he goes to church he is a hypocrite; if he stays away from church he is a sinner and damned; if he donates to foreign missions he does it for show; if he doesn't he is a tightwad. When he first comes into the world everybody wants to kiss him. Before he goes out all want to kick him. If he dies young he had a great future before him; if he lives to a ripe old age he missed his calling and is simply in the way in living to save funeral expenses. Life is a funny road, but we all like to travel it just the same."

Recalls a Painful Incident

In the recent death of Jacob H. Neff, former lieutenant governor of California, the state lost a pioneer of rugged worth, who will be remembered here as having defeated General Harrison Gray Otis by one vote in the last Republican state convention, when both sought preferment as delegates at large to the Republican national convention.

With racing soon to be a lost art, so far as California is concerned, interests at present in control of Santa Anita probably will move most of their belongings to Tia Juana, following completion of the necessary arrangements. I hear that preliminary details for this projected flitting already have been determined and that by next season the sport again will be in full blast.

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THE GRAPHIC

S. T. CLOVER, EDITOR

LOS ANGELES, APRIL 3, 1909

SIXTEENTH YEAR

En Regle Spring Effects

Back into the history of the colonial period; to the rococo styles and even further back to the vanities of Cleopatra, have the dictators of fashion delved this year for their models of spring and summer styles. "May your shadow never grow less" is an old toast, but these days even the slender woman is striving to reduce her shadow to the minimum and as for the woman of avoirdupois, her days are being passed in fasting and exercising that she may attain the sylph-like slimness which is necessary nowadays to be in fashion. Just how long the present styles will remain is speculative, but the directoire and empire modes will probably obtain all this season, although there are predictions that a modification of the extremely high waist lines and the exceedingly narrow skirts will be made later.

To be in strict accord with the season's edicts one must adopt the close-fitting sleeve, the high waistline and the narrow skirts. At present, a skirt two and a half yards wide is the proper thing, a conciliation being made so that one may go to the extent of three, and even four yards, but no more, else the style is out. The woman may choose between two styles in her gowns, the close, or the semi-fitting princess that clings, or the draped effect made with soft, limp materials that cleave to the figure. For evening wear, the square decollete style has been supplanted by the V-shape. In these gowns the fuller drapery effect under the bust is conspicuous and proves a welcome compromise to many who found the severe flat mode too trying.

However, no concessions are made in regard to the hipless feature of the skirts. As an aid to those who have hips, where Dame Fashion says hips should not be, for this season at least, the double skirted styles are popular. But even these must be draped to preserve the clinging effect. For early spring wear and for evening gowns, trains are the thing. Even for afternoon costumes the fishtail trains are being worn in the smart circles. The directoire sashes are an almost necessary part of the well-gowned woman's costume, and the color of the sash must adhere to the color scheme of the bodice decorations.

In coats, the long straight lines must be preserved. The backs are slightly fitted and the cutaway fronts are shown everywhere. While many are caught together across the bust with buttons, others of the coats are left open and have a smart waistcoat shown underneath. The full coat-sleeve with turnback cuff and the close-fitted model without cuff, are both popular. Advance styles indicate that the thirty-six inch lengths will



be the proper caper, although a varying length of from thirty-two to forty-two inches will be allowed. All these coats hang loosely from the bust, have the short-waisted effect, while the most fashionable are of coverts and broadcloths.

There is a tendency toward plain fabrics, although stripes, mixtures and the regulation fancies are widely shown. The coats vary in styles of collars. Many have pointed revers, while others are shown with the high Constantine collar. Still others are made collarless and are worn with separate ruffs. Buttons are the most favored of the trimmings. Outdoor skirts are being made just to clear the ground, but it is more than likely that as the season advances the short skirts will again be in vogue. Lingerie dresses are being made of the sheerest mull. The sash reigns triumphant for the summer gown; not only as a part of the evening and afternoon toilette are the soft folds of silk or ribbon an important part, but the sash also has made its appearance on the tailor-made gowns as well.

As to fabrics, the conspicuous note for the season just past has been the satins, messalines and broadcloths. The same style prevails this spring, the satins and messalines being highly regarded because of their clinging nature. Broadcloths are to be of light texture and will be popular. There is an inclination to favor black satin faced fabric for evening wear. Corded silks also promise to gain in popularity and foulards are fashionable for the season. Plaids are passe this year, except for school children, the tender being in favor of the plain material. In shades and colors the newest fabrics are being shown in old rose, pink, faded pink, resedas, olive bronzes and many shades of green. Hunter's green will be especially fashionable. Pansy shades also will be in vogue and the high-grade cream color will be worn much in lightweight broadcloths.

In the wash-goods fabrics ginghams will be given preferment. The shades of brown and tan are extremely good taste and blues will be notably popular. The Copenhagen green-blue shades will be the favorite. Rough weave linens, French linens and Shantung linens will be the most popular for the one-piece frocks. Pique, however, seems to have the preference for outing suits. Open mesh goods and crash also will be largely worn and the Himmels cloth, which closely resembles the genuine Shantung, is a new material which is coming in vogue. For evening wear and elegant afternoon costumes, dark colors are prevalent this season.

Blue, various shades of green, most of them showing the yellowish tones and including hunter's green and laurel, are favorite colors. Gray is seen in many shades and the new tones run from London smoke to silver and putty. One of the newest shades is the grape or concord. Catawba still remains in fashion and wisteria, a new tone of lavender, is exceedingly popular. Browns in reddish cedar tones are good, as are dark seal, the Havana and leaf brown, the khaki, buff and suede shades. Pink color in the duller shades



are being much worn in Paris and will doubtless soon become a favorite color here.

Veritable gardens are the latest creations in headwear. Flowers and fruits in profusion are decked on the Easter hat, the flowers being especially fashionable. Hats this year are fashioned after the old English pictures. In more popular vogue are the scuttle shapes, round and turned down over the face, like an inverted bowl. The tricorner or colonials are rolled at the sides and the Mephisto quills used as trimming. Then there are the Magyar toque, the Pocahontas and the new director's turban for those who like the snail hats. Another popular style is the reminiscent Charlotte Corday. They



NEW HEMP "DIRECTOIRE" HAT
(Ville de Paris)

of coarse straw, wound about with a bewildering mass of field flowers. While the spring flowers are popular in the Easter season and early season, the coming style will be strong for the summer. Particularly will the large, full-blown roses be used.

Blouses this spring are far above the shirt waist variety. These waists have deviated from the more severe lines and for the most part are of the lingerie materials and hand-embroidered. The blouse is not so full in material as formerly, but is broad, with a wide plait at the shoulders. The embroidery design has a showery effect, draping downward in curves with plants in graceful lines. Sleeves are long and of the gored models, becoming slim and tight fitting. The Dutch collar and the tall collar are being especially favored by the women.

Stocks, jabots, collars, ruffs and neckties are always an important feature in a woman's costume and never more so than today. Almost every variety can be offered the well-dressed woman for neckwear this season. Among the correct things are the close, high collars which have supplanted the stiff linen collars. They are made of tucked net with a ruche at the top; of hand-embroidered linen with cravat and frill or tabat, or of silk with cravat and bow or with frills of lingerie or net. Rushes still continue to be popular also. In addition to the stocks named, the jabots and the pretty Dutch collars are being largely worn. The low, turned-down collars in sheer embroidered linen with cuffs to match, are in favor with many for street wear, and make a pretty trimming for the tailor suit.

Gloves, despite the prediction that the lengthened sleeve would spell their doom, are to be worn long this season. However, the short glove undoubtedly will come back into its own again for they are chic and cheaper than the long ones, and the long sleeves will give a logical excuse to return them to

favor. For street wear there is no question that the short gloves will predominate. White gloves are considered dressy for the afternoon calls or matinee, with gray gloves next in favor. In street suits the gloves are supposed to match the gown. The long gloves for evening wear are worn to extend just above the elbow. White kid, embroidered in delicate colors and

on simpler lines than formerly. The coats are marked by their plainness, the lapels and collars are moderate, the shoulders natural, the cuffs freer from button decoration, and there is a noticeable absence of stitching on the garment. Vests are either three or four button effects, without flaps or pockets. From all present indications this is destined to be a season of high



STUNNING THREE-PIECE SUIT AT HARRIS & FRANK'S

Oriental designs are exceedingly fashionable. In England they are removing the gloves at the theater.

For men, the predominant note in the apparel fashions for 1909 is simplicity. The majority of the men of well-balanced tendencies will welcome the new clothing, which is marked by a scarcity of the freak styles. For the last two seasons the men's suits have been noticeable for the variety of unique designs, and while the college man and his followers will unquestionably fail to conform to the newer and more conservative fashions, the well-dressed man this season will wear clothing cut

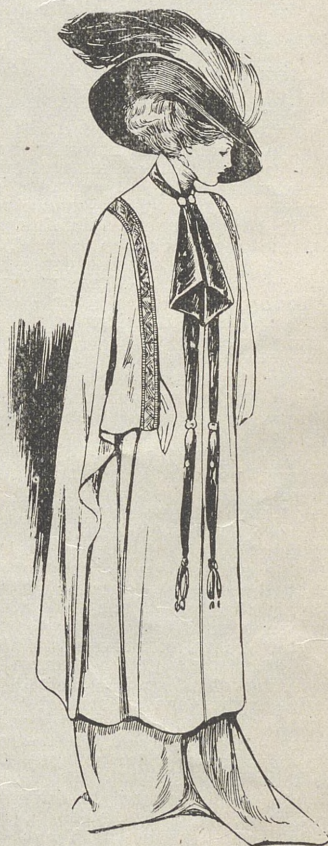
colors in waistcoats. Not that the garments are to be loud in design, rather they will be pronounced in color than patterning. It is decreed that the waistcoat must be of a lighter shade than the suit, but of the same material.

Trousers are to be French peg for the young men, narrowing in contour for older men. A self turn-up of two and a half inches is proper. The spring overcoats are chiefly skeleton effects without linings. They are cut boxy and the fashionable lengths are 40, 42 and 46 inches. Fancy cassimeres seem to be featured for popularity in the early months. Worsteds and velours also will be strong, and then for

the mid-summer negligee period flannels, serges, chevots and homespun will be popular. Grays and greens will be the prevailing tones in all-over solid shades, in pronounced stripes and in shadow effects. Browns will come next in popularity and blues and blacks, which are always in good taste, will have their followers. Elephant hide, taupe and skin of mice will be the gray shades featured, while in greens the shades will be sage, olive, hunter, bronze, Atlantic and bottle green.

In dress suits for men there are shown suits in the Oxford gray material, in black or blue herringbone fabric and still others are of dark green, unfinished worsted. In the dinner coats there are a few radical departures. One which is noteworthy has an extremely long shawl collar with only one button. In the business or day suits there is a new model of sack coat, made without any pockets at all. It is close fitting and has a decided dip in the front. Another sack suit is made with a shawl collar, has no breast pocket and the side pockets are slashed vertically.

Season after season the hat styles for men have adhered to the conventional shapes and this year also there is no striking departures. In stiff hats the crowns continue to have full tips and the brims remain similar to those of last year. In colors they are tans, browns, cedars, blues, greens and the more favored black. In soft hats the creased crowns again are in favor; "telescopes" are rapidly falling into disfavor. The low, full crowns with dents on the four quarters are receiving marked attention and the two most popular brims are those that can



"MARY GARDEN" CAPE,
Blackstone's

be easily manipulated to give an effective negligee appearance, and those on the pantourist order. The faddish colors in these soft hats will be greens, dark reds, dark blues and many of the lighter shades of blue. Also there will be in favor the more staple colors of grays, tans, browns, champagne, cream and black.



Spring Specialties in Local Stores

Not even the smartest dresser in the City of Angels need go to New York or Paris for her wardrobe. She can be clothed from head to foot in the local shops, and with an effect that will leave no room for criticism from her dearest enemy. Let her go to the Boston Store and find every novelty human brain has conceived in the lingerie line. What Parisian shop ever held daintier, more graceful conceits than the hand-embroidered petticoats and intimate garments that are on display in this city. They are fashioned of the finest handkerchief mull and embroidered with designs of rare beauty that mean days and days of patient stitching. In addition, are exquisite dressing sacques of the same material, garnished with delicate ribbons, and the only drawback to them is that their beauty can never be revealed beyond the privacy of the boudoir. If Miladi has a small girl to provide Easter garments for, she will find it wise to stop at the Boston and look at its lingerie frocks. They come in excellent materials, fine French mulls, imported nets, cobwebby organdies. The styles are just as carefully conceived for the little lassies as for the high school maiden, and the frocks are suitable for party or confirmation dresses. Of course, white is the favorite, but the soft pinks and blues and evening shades are none the less appealing. Directoire styles are favorites for the youngster, but as in Miladi's gowns, the ever-popular pleated skirts are making rapid bounds into favor. A feature of these garments is the superior workmanship. Every seam is carefully finished until there is not a displeasing feature to be seen.

Easter does not mean a new wardrobe for the mother of the family and the daughters alone. It means outfits for the little tots, both lads and lassies, and Myer Siegel & Co. make a specialty of looking out for the little ones. What mother's heart could pass by the endless variety of things Siegel has for the adornment of her young offspring. Such cool little socks, with cross bars and plaid, that come just above the ankle and leave the tanned, dimpled knee quite bare and cool; pretty, frilly dresses for the wee belles, and sturdy suits for the boys. Cool sailor suits in serviceable whites and blues that can be washed time and again and still look fresh and presentable are great favorites, and of course the demand for Buster Brown suits will never grow less. An inestimable boon for the youngster is the latest fashion in the straw hat that turns down over his face and shades the sensitive eyes and tender skin from the searching rays of the sun.

For the more exacting big girl there are trim tailored suits for spring wear, and the W. H. Moshier company of 512 South Broadway stands ready to supply the need. Garments that have the "just right" air are much coveted by the fond and ambitious mamma, whose slogan is to look "exclusive and stylish." The Peter Thompson suits, which were originated by this company, will be as great this spring as ever, and more than one debutante-to-be will revel in a new one. These are especially nice for school and outing wear, and when made up in the white serges, with emblems of pale blue, or in the white linens and ducks, they are nice for semi-dress wear. With spring close at hand, automobiling will be a favorite diversion. The well-groomed woman will be quite as careful in her selection of automobiling garments as of her reception gowns.

The Moshier company makes a fad of pretty automobiling suits, which may also be worn on the street and are just the thing for the morning shopping tour.

The athletic girl in all her infinite variety has spring fashions, and as the athletic girl is usually the tailor-made girl, she requires a trig, comfortable outfit for her spring gayeties. For the girl who rides, there are a number of models shown at the W. H. Hoegee company. The divided skirt, which has a gored panel front and may be buttoned when not in use for riding to make a presentable street skirt, is apparently in general demand. The back

falls together in a pleat and does not separate. The jackets are neat and plain, but very appealing to the conservative taste. Corduroy, khaki, or special materials may be used for these habits. The tennis girl and the yachting girl also find their Mecca at the Hoegee company, where the white army duck suits make serviceable and becoming apparel for the out-of-door maiden.

With the forty days of sackcloth and ashes over, and hot summer coming on, there will be many social affairs crowded into the few weeks interval, and the fashionable woman will have a trying time to arrange her

wardrobe to meet every requirement. She wants something not too elaborate, yet which possesses a "dress-up" effect. This she may find at the New York Cloak and Suit House in the one-piece princess costumes. They have slight trains, not enough to give a cumbersome effect, but just to lend an imposing appearance. The paneled front is decked with tailored buttons, and the long, straight-line effect which is exceedingly popular, is given. The garments are very effective and chic, yet they have a trim, tailored look that makes even the "mussy" woman look presentable. The three-piece garments seem to be a fad with Miladi this year, and they are unquestionably handsome models. The gowns themselves are beautiful things, coming in both the short and long-waisted effects. Some of them are without sleeves and yoke, thus requiring a thin, cool kimpe, doing away with the uncomfortable warmth that the long, fitted coat might produce when worn over a heavy waist.

At Harris & Frank's a splendid line of these three-piece suits are to be found, in every material and all the new shades. But this latter store is devoting most of its time to the man-tailored garments that catch the eye of the girls and their mothers. These coat suits have a well-bred air about them that simply will not allow them to be overlooked. They give a girl the bearing of one of those ultra-fashionable magazine illustrations of a college girl, and what maiden with a true feminine heart, or what bachelor with his brain all pulsing with the fancies of spring, could resist them. The cloths used are very mannish and the garments are severely plain and extremely boyish in cut. They may be severe, but they give a boyish sort of piquancy that is entrancing.

Street garments and reception frocks are not the only thing to receive attention in the spring. The one criticism that has been made of the Los Angeles society woman is that she does not devote sufficient attention to her evening gowns. Instead of the décolleté gowns which are en vogue in the majority of metropolitan cities, our women of fashion don high-necked, elbow-sleeved garments, which, while in irreproachable taste, are not quite the thing for "swagger" affairs. Let Miladi go to the Unique Cloak and Suit House and feast her eyes upon the ready-to-wear gowns there. These smart garments are not in the least daring, but there is a Frenchness about them, a foreign grace of draping them, that is surely captivating. The low-cut necks and sleeveless waists will reveal the throat and pretty shoulders of our California woman and add to her attractiveness without detracting one iota from her modesty. The Easter opening at the Unique reveals the fact that Los Angeles can provide garments for state occasions at which no Parisian could cavil.

The thoroughbred woman devotes even more attention to her shoes and stockings and "under things" than she does to her outside garments. If a woman has a pretty ankle she wants it prettily clad, and at Blackstone's she will discover in their specialty, the Onyx stocking, something to be much desired. The colored stocking to match the dress, and worn with a black pump, is very good this year, and every shade in which stockings are made is to be found at the Blackstone establishment. One pretty little conceit which should become a widespread fad is the black silk stocking with the tiny silk tassels. Nothing quaint has been seen for many a season. The careless woman may say that the stocking does not matter, but it is the well-dressed woman who realizes of how great importance it is and how quickly good or bad taste may



STRIKING EVENING GOWN, UNIQUE CLOAK AND SUIT HOUSE



be shown through it. With the new pumps that are being worn, the stocking is plainly visible, especially in the case of the debutante who wears her frock ankle length.

And speaking of pumps, it is a surprise to find at Bullock's Department Store a line of shoes that cannot be excelled by any fashionable shoe shop in town. The low pumps for dress wear and dancing, with both the medium and very thin soles, are receiving a great deal of attention this year. The crying need for some way to fasten the pump securely has been supplied with a natty little strap that buttons over the ankle and keeps the heel from slipping. The suede shoes in all shades and the high shoes with patent leather vamp and colored tops are the ultra-fashionable vanities this year, but the pretty pump and silk stocking remain "it."

With the soft, balmy days comes the soft, penetrating dust, and deep is the despair of the woman who, when preparing to go out, dons a fresh white frock and upon reaching her destination discovers that the aforesaid frock is no longer white, but a dingy gray. Coats are such uncomfortable things to slip on during hot weather, and are generally regarded as a necessary but overwhelming evil. But at Coulter's the solution of the problem may be found. Just let her glance at one of those long, all-enveloping pongee coats, light as a leaf, and deliciously cool. The very shade of pongee looks cool in an undefinable way, and when it is entirely lined with soft, green silk, the effect is still breezier. The collars and cuffs are green-faced, and decked with narrow Persian braid. The broad lapel may be buttoned back on large buttons, or the coat may be snugly fastened in the fitted effect, clear up to the throat. They surely would be a boon to the woman who wants to



PUMP WITH NEW INSTEP STRAP
(Bullock's)

keep fresh and well-groomed, but who shudders at the thought of wearing a heavy automobile coat or hideous linen duster. A pretty vanity at Coulter's is the spangled net coat, in three-quarter length. The sleeves are long enough to cover the mosquetaire sleeves, yet not tight enough to muss the dress. It is just the thing to slip over the pretty afternoon frock, or to wear to the theater on a warm spring evening.

More than one fashion-enduring woman has mentally shuddered at the prospect of wearing the high, stiff collar during the summer days, and she will surely breathe a sigh of relief when she discovers what a boon the new fad in neckwear is. Fashion's decree is not always strictly comfortable, but in the case of the low, Dutch collars, Dame Fashion decided wisely. These broad, low collars, with their



FOR AFTERNOON RECEPTION, NEW YORK CLOAK AND SUIT CO.

graceful lines and their charming ties of white lend a youthful appearance that is quite as desirable as their coolness. They may be seen in all their various glories at Beeman & Hendee's.

Nothing more entrancing than the Irish crochet collars could be imagined. The stiffer combinations of linen and lace with which pretty, semi-tailored jabots are to be worn, are slightly more



DREAM OF A FEATHER HAT AT THE BOSTON STORE

severe, but quite as picturesque. At this store the very best things in neckwear are to be seen. The work is all hand done, from the fine hemstitching and tucking to the crocheting. Many of the jabots and collars are very simple, yet when one reflects upon the incredible amount of work devoted to their tucking and trimmings their simplicity is deceiving. Real lace is used in the majority of them, and materials are like unto "the stuff that dreams are made of."

And the Easter bonnet! How many feminine eyes that are apparently looking anxiously at the minister Easter morn will be slyly watching the



NATTY STREET SHOE
(Bullock's)

feathers on her neighbor's bonnet and mentally comparing the different styles of headgear with her own. For Easter spells bonnet to more than one feminine soul who is not one bit less Christian-like for her foibles. The Ville de Paris is showing many beautiful styles, and it requires a trip there to see "what's doing" in the millinery line. One beauty was in hemp braid, decidedly picturesque. The artistic willow plumes were gracefully drooped across it, and it was garnished with spangled trimmings. The scuttle hat is to be the thing this summer. These hats are becoming steadily larger and more exaggerated until one fears that the cartoonists' suggestions as to the various practical uses they might be put to will be adopted. Hemp and hair braids are outstripping the other materials. Fruits for trimming are becoming scarcer, the principal trimmings being in flowers, huge roses, that would bring envious pangs to the heart of any horticulturist, playing a large part. Ribbon is very prominent, especially in girls' hats. The jet trimming which is so popular on spring hats, will become passe ere long, and before autumn will go out altogether. Feathers are to be the favorite, both in willow plumes, the usual ostrich plumes and the old-fashioned wings.

However odd the new styles may appear to the conservative woman and to the long-suffering man, there is nevertheless a whimsical quaintness about the latest production of milliners and modistes that is captivating. Naturally, the styles are exaggerated to the extreme, yet the woman who is innately refined, has the knack of wearing her clothes in a manner that gives them a part of her personality and makes them picturesque good form.

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Los Angelans Now in Europe

Los Angeles may well boast a large representation in foreign climes, for the recent exodus of society folk to European and Oriental countries has been a noticeable one and the number who have already started on their old-world tours are almost daily being followed by other individual parties. With the cessation of the society season upon the advent of Lent, many well-known Angelenos started off on their travels. Not a few went in parties and others have taken the less traveled trips, going and coming as they choose, without any set schedule.

Among the first to leave were Mrs. J. S. Slauson, her son, Mr. James Slauson, and her granddaughter, Miss Macneil, the daughter of Mrs. Hugh L. Macneil of 2408 South Figueroa. Starting from Los Angeles the latter part of February, they sailed from New York, March 3, and are enjoying a four months' tour of the Mediterranean countries. Mr. and Mrs. William O. Scholtz left February 11 for a four months' trip through the Oriental countries and Europe, their itinerary including Ceylon, Arabia, Egypt and the Malay peninsula. One of the largest parties which left Los Angeles sailed in the fore part of March, taking in Honolulu and the Orient before going to Europe. Their itinerary is to be an extensive one and many in the party will take devious routes after reaching the continent. Of this world-touring coterie were included: Mr. Charles M. Stimson, Mr. and Mrs. A. E. Pomeroy, Mr. and Mrs. T. W. Brotherson, Mr. H. F. Behrens, Mrs. J. Miller Brown, Mrs. W. J. Chichester and her daughter, Miss Katherine Chichester, Mrs. Gertrude Dana, Mrs. Elizabeth J. Hall, Mrs. Christina MacKenzie, Miss Nettie MacKenzie, Miss Sophia MacKenzie, Mrs. Mattie E. Marsh, Mr. and Mrs. James Wright, Prof. J. G. Rodgers, Dr. M. E. Spinks, Mr. and Mrs. Fred L. Eldridge, Mr. Lewis S. Hoyt, Mr. Alexander Crawford Hoyt, Mrs. Hannah B. Irwin, Mrs. George L. Patterson, Mrs. Lillian C. Westlake and Miss Ruth Woodward.

Another party, which is sailing today from New York on the White Star liner Cretic, for a five months' trip to European countries, under the guidance of Mrs. Cecelia A. White, includes the following well-known local folk: Mrs. W. F. Kennedy, Mrs. Waller G. Chanslor, her sister, Miss Aldine Howell, Miss Edith Furrey, Miss Wood, Miss Florence Wood, Miss Kathleen Spence and Miss Bertha Bosbyshell. Also of the party are Miss Helen Evans and Miss Helen Prescott of Riverside. Mrs. W. J. Chichester and Miss Katherine Chichester, who are making the world-tour will later join Mrs. White's party at Naples, and with its members will enjoy the driving in Switzerland and about the Italian lakes. Miss Suzanne Lynch and Miss Anna McDermott, cousin and niece of the Rt. Rev. Bishop Conaty have also gone to join the European contingent of Los Angelans. They sailed from New York on the steamship, Hamburg. They will pass Holy week in Rome and will then make a tour of Europe, returning to Los Angeles the latter part of August.

Among the more recent to depart for the continent are Dr. and Mrs. Walter Lindlev. Their trip will be a comprehensive one, although shortened by the inability of the doctor to be away from home any great length of time.

Their return is planned for June. Mr. William H. Hoegge of Hollywood sailed March 20 for Seattle for a tour of the Oriental countries and Europe. He will be absent six months or so and plans to reach the continent by July. Mr. and Mrs. Alexander Shives of 428 South Alvarado sailed Wednesday of this week and will remain six months abroad. Another of the local society contingent who has gone abroad is Miss Dorothy Parry-Jones, who left last week for her home in Wales after a three years' residence in this city with her uncle and aunt, Mr. and Mrs. John W. Mitchell. Miss Parry-Jones plans to return to Los Angeles within a year or two. Mr. and Mrs. R. D. Davis of 131 North Euclid avenue, Pasadena, left February 2 and are enjoying an eight months' tour of Italy, France, Germany, Switzerland, England and other of the European coun-

Mr. and Mrs. Franz Wilczek, the latter well famed as a violinist, are abroad for an indefinite time. They are in Paris at present, where Mr. Wilczek is enjoying a period of rest and recreation. Mrs. Wilczek, who herself is quite talented as a violinist, was formerly Miss Lena Newton, daughter of Mr. Arthur G. Newton, a capitalist of this city. The Misses Belle and Evelyn Hamburger are enjoying an extensive trip abroad, having been away from Los Angeles for several months. Other of the prominent local folk who are making a tour of the world are Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Braly, Mr. and Mrs. N. W. Stowell, Mrs. T. R. Abernethy and Mr. and Mrs. William Hunting Cooper.

Almost as many more of the society folk remaining are planning to leave for abroad as have already departed on their travels. Mr. and Mrs. Will-

Graves and Jack Graves, and Miss Kate Van Nuys. They will leave here the latter part of next week and are to sail the latter part of the month for Naples. First, a tour of Italy and Switzerland will be taken and the party will then go to France and Germany, traveling in England and Scotland in the fall. They will be absent about six months. Mr. and Mrs. Warren Wilson of 517 South Boyle avenue, with their two daughters, Misses Cora and Lous Wilson are to start April 15 and will enjoy a trip through the Mediterranean sea, to Africa, Spain, Italy, Switzerland, Austria, Germany, Holland, Belgium, France and the British isles. They will sail from New York, April 24, on the Konig Albert.

Hollywood, too, is well represented in this hegira. Mr. and Mrs. E. E. Bogardus, with their two sons, plan to leave next Tuesday and will sail for Europe on the Baltic, April 24. They will be abroad about a year. With them will go Mr. and Mrs. C. H. Hanchett, also of Hollywood. Mrs. Gertrude Ross Harris, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Abner L. Ross of South Alvarado street, expects to start next week for New York, where she will be joined by Mrs. Daly and her two daughters of this city, and the four will sail April 24 on the Kronprinzess Louise. They will travel all summer, later visiting in Berlin with relatives, returning to Los Angeles in about five months. A family trio soon to leave for several months' travel in Europe includes Major and Mrs. E. F. C. Klokke and their daughter, Miss Helen Klokke, of South Figueroa street. They will leave Los Angeles April 11 and are to sail April 21 on the Hamburg-American liner, President Grant. Their trip will consume about six months and a large part of their time will be passed in Germany. Mr. and Mrs. Ernest K. Foster and their son, Noel, are to sail on the same steamer with the Klokkes. Their trip, however, is to be an ideally extensive one. They expect to be away probably two years, and will travel in leisurely manner, making a complete and thorough tour of the world in their absence.

Among the Pasadenans who will go abroad this summer are Dr. F. C. E. Mattison and his daughter, Miss Bessie Mattison. They will sail June 12 on one of the Hamburg-American steamships and plan to return in September. Mrs. Frances S. Roaf and Mrs. Sarah Ellis of Hotel Melrose will leave Los Angeles April 10 on a tour of the world. They will sail on the North German Lloyd steamship, Kronprinz Wilhelm, and will travel in Great Britain, Belgium, Holland, Germany, France and southern Europe during the summer. Later, in October, they will go to Egypt, India, China, Japan and Honolulu, returning to Los Angeles in May, 1910.

Mr. A. G. Bartlett and his daughter, Miss Bartlett, of Hollywood, also are planning a trip abroad. They are arranging to leave about the middle of May and will sail from New York in June. Miss Bartlett will study dramatic art with Henry Wood, the great oratorio coach of London, for three months and then will go to Paris for further instruction. They plan to be abroad a year. Miss Florence Marx, of 2616 South Figueroa street, who, with her mother, Mrs. Jennie Marx, has been in New York for several months, will sail April 24 for a trip to Europe. Mrs. Laura Squire, Miss Ray Squire, Mrs. H. L. Montgomery and Miss Laura

(Continued on page 15)

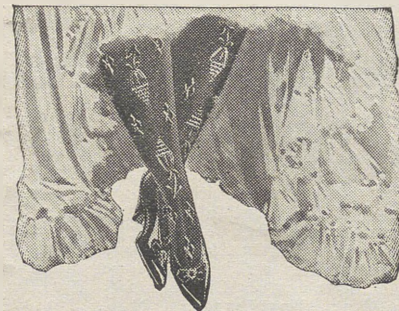


ATTRACTIVE RIDING HABIT FROM THE W. H. HOEGEE CO.

tries. A trio which will leave next week to join the local contingent of travelers in Europe is Mr. and Mrs. A. C. Bilicke and Miss Mary Chapman. They will leave next Thursday and plan to be absent from Los Angeles two years, enjoying in that time an extensive tour of the world.

There are a number of Los Angelans who are abroad in pursuit of a musical education and among the most prominent of these is Miss Leila Holterhoff, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Godfrey Holterhoff jr. Miss Holterhoff has passed a greater part of the last several years in Europe and at present she is studying in Berlin. Miss Florence Dillon, daughter of Judge and Mrs. H. C. Dillon of Benton boulevard, also is in Europe, where she has already made remarkable success in grand opera. At present Miss Dillon is singing at the Royal Opera house on the island of Malta, where she will remain until April. An opportunity has been given her to sing at Covent Garden when her contract expires at the Royal Opera house. Miss Dillon's return to America will be made at a future date, when she will undoubtedly come at the head of her own opera company with a well-heralded fame.

iam Irving Hollingsworth, who have been much entertained within the fortnight, will leave April 17 and are to sail April 27 on the Augusta Victoria for a four months' continental trip.



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Another party of prominent Los Angelans to travel in European countries during the summer and fall months includes, Mrs. J. A. Graves, her daughter and son, Miss Katherine





Of more than ordinary interest, to Californians, especially, is "Missions and Missionaries of California," by Fr. Zephyrin Engelhardt, O.F.M., divided into two bulky tomes, the first of which is given consideration here. Inseparable from the history of the Californias, the records of the labors of the early padres, to whose patient persistence is due the credit of the first conquest of these isolated desert regions, in part so full of latent possibilities, constitute not only the romantic interest of the lower western coast area but the source of information as to its civic development. And since Lower California may justly be regarded as the mother of Upper California through its missions, a knowledge of the long, dreary struggle in that barren rainless region, against ignorance, viciousness, prejudice, without sufficient means and in the face of grievous obstacles and discouragements from those calculated to lend helping hands, prior to the founding of the missions of Alta California, is properly necessary to an intelligent understanding of the subsequent chapters of the north. Father Engelhardt has searched for information through musty, dusty and forgotten manuscripts, many of which are now beyond recovery, having been destroyed in the San Francisco earthquake with the collection known as the "California Archives," and in more modern sources, with an indefatigable will that has produced a scholarly and invaluable addition to history, profane as well as ecclesiastical.

Under four distinct divisions the peninsula period naturally falls, the first dealing with the introduction of Catholicism into the New World and the early enterprise of the priests in seeking the pagan Indians in all directions; with the discovery of Lower California and the early voyages along the gulf and outer ocean coast lines, notably by Juan Cabrillo and later by Sebastian Vizcaino, but resulting in nothing further than an elusive vision of a strange land and wondrous tales to fire the imagination. But this glimpse was to bear fruit, for, after a short cessation, the Spanish vessels again sought the peninsula, this time bearing Jesuit priests who had determined to take the new land by the power of the cross. Not at first successful, the plan finally was brought to the desired fruition through the inspiration and labors of Fathers Kino and Salvatierra, the latter crossing the gulf in 1697 and founding the mission, Our Lady of Loreto, on the southwest coast of the peninsula, which remained to the end the mother mission of the south. Although Spain was ready to share in the temporalities, she apparently was not so willing to bear a part of the expense of the conquest of souls, and land, and from this lack of funds a great amount of distress attended the work during its entire existence.

Of the deprivations, the hard, ceaseless, monotonous grind, associating with human beings but slightly above the animal plane, with hands and hearts moved by bravest pity and loving kindness in the second period (1697-1767) under the Society of Jesus is given a somewhat detailed description, including the founding of about twenty missions or more and the maintenance of same, through hardships that cannot fail to elicit admiration for the missionaries and a sense of indignation at the disgraceful expulsion of these pioneers to whom honor was due instead. Father Engelhardt's defense of all these leaders of the new civilization is well. With little variation the Franciscan and Dominican regimes are continuations of the narrative in the same tone, enlivened occasionally by its bits descriptive of the natives, their customs, characteristics and the country, generally. But the introduction of increased political squabbles and jealousies so complicated affairs that the poverty stricken missions were continually threatened with extinction. The Franciscan period was not destined to last for long on the peninsula, since the upper country, which gave promise of greater things, materially, must be secured to the

Spanish king, and at the request of Fr. Juan de Iriarte, of the Dominicans, excuse is made for the division of the California field between these holy orders, leaving the old-established missions of the peninsula to the Dominicans and those to be founded above San Diego to the Franciscans. To the credit of the Franciscans is the founding of one mission in the old territory, that of San Fernando de Velicata in the north.

To Fr. Palou, whose facile pen and quick and vigorous mind furnish much of the light on the affairs of the time, is due great praise for his accounts. With the introduction of the names of Frs. Junipero Serra, Palou and Crespi a sense of friendly company is aroused, but the narrator bids them farewell for the time and hastens on to the fourth and last of the mission periods (1773-1855) in Lower California under the Dominicans. This order founded seven missions, the last on the frontier in the vicinity of Rio Colorado. Political troubles increasing, and insurrection in New Spain, or Mexico, with attendant changes in mission management, including the "administration" of the famous "Pious Fund," hastens the end. Either from modesty or because of small results (possibly from loss of records in this stormy time) little is left to the world of the closing chapter of the often tragic efforts of the priests of this order. "Smallpox, measles and nameless diseases introduced among the Indians by soldiers, sailors and adventurers, and ill treatment, swept them off by degrees," so that they wandered back to their native haunts in the mountains, and the missions were allowed to cease their existence. The missionaries found odds too heavy against them for mortal to hold out, but in no sense can the results be said to spell failure.

Here and there a notable man stands out in bold relief, remarkable among a company of remarkable characters, because of literary or executive ability in addition to piety and courage. At all times activity in a desire to know the formation and character of the country is displayed in the numerous excursions overland, on the sea and to the Rio Colorado. Detailed reports of the missions from time to time are given, culled from the original documents, lists of the fathers in each period, together with a roll of the governors and copious footnotes, and an appendix relating to special matters of interest. Due credit is accorded the many authorities, ancient and modern, consulted, and most interesting of the illustrations are the reproductions of the autographs of many of the reverend fathers and the governors. Occasion is taken to refute and rebuke Hittell and Bancroft for their prejudiced accounts of this period, and all Catholic effort in southern territory.

Californians will await with great interest the second volume treating as it promises to of a more familiar and intimate period of missionary endeavor in Upper California, hints of which are met with frequently in this first section. Certainly, to the devout Catholic this work must appeal with peculiar force, and to the man or woman who wishes the most liberal and correct view of California's history it may be deemed, if not quite indispensable, a most illuminative and thorough treatment of the subject. ("Missions and Missionaries of California," By Fr. Zephyrin Engelhardt, O.F.M., Superiorum permissu. James H. Barry Co., San Francisco. Ernest Dawson, Los Angeles.)

"Fish Stories"

Booth and Barrett in Shakespearean plays; Patti and Scatchi on the same concert platform, and Jordan and Holder in "Fish Stories." It would be hard to make a more pleasing combination in the telling of angling tales; in the artistic combination of fact and fiction; in enveloping the prosaic statement of scientific facts with the glamour and lure of piscatorial exaggeration; in the dissemination of useful information together with alluring phrase that makes the angler's blood run faster, and the novice long for the actual substance of up and doing.

David Starr Jordan, president of Stanford university, and America's most eminent authority on fishes, and Professor Charles F. Holder, angling expert in many waters and foremost teller of good tales piscatorial, have joined together in the production of "Fish Stories." Dr. Jordan once remarked in the hearing of the writer

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that he would come across the road any time where fish were concerned; and in his part of this volume we see the man of science at play in the making of fish lore. In the prefatory note he affirms that a fish story needs no apology, and that no affidavit can add anything to its credibility. But his mild jest has not prevented him from pouring forth lavishly the vast fund of information he possesses concerning American fishes. He may bolster up an exaggerated tale of strange sights and wonderful catches, as a true fisherman should; but the dividing line between fact and fiction is clearly observed.

As for Professor Holder, the dean of Southern California anglers, and the most interesting weaver of exciting fish stories since the days of Person "Adirondack" Murray, he also needs no introduction here. Beginning with the fish stories of the Fathers, the guild of Pliny, Claus Magnus and Bishop Pontoppidan, the descent is easy until the latest Colorado river story of Captain Hance of Bright Angel trail is reached. The sea-serpent is not neglected, and the inevitable tribute to Izaak Walton is set forth in proper language.

Great game fishes of the deep seas, the fighting trout of the mountain streams, the pickerel and pike, predatory pirates of less purling waters, and even the humble horned pout, with many a strange or familiar fish between, are given due representation in these fascinating pages. There is more variety than was e'en dreamt of in the philosophy of Izaak and Piscator. It is a book to pick up and open and read awhile, then to stop and chuckle and mayhap to conjure up past conquests; then to open and read again and oftentimes. Anglers well known in our local life flit through the pages and many a familiar tale is presented in more alluring guise. For a bit of local color and useful information let the following extract stand:

The layman often wonders, perhaps, where all the fish stories come from. They come from the Porch club, an unorganized organization which holds forth at Santa Catalina Island, where you may see the members any evening, sitting on the club porch, listening, discussing, debating, inventing or re-telling stories. Here the tale of Cleopatra's herring is brightened up and told to some tenderfoot, and bank presidents, univers-

ity professors, divines, chiefs of departments, men of high and low degree, captains of industry, generals, dukes, princes and admirals sit and tell what they have done and provide the whole world with fish stories. All appear to be affected by the influence of Ananias or Sapphira (the one is as malign as the other) telling stories about their catches and experiences with all semblance of truth; stories which they know, and their listeners know, are impossible; yet the hearer immediately seizes upon that story and lies him home, perhaps to some distant land, and tells it as his own. And so fish stories are made.

This affecting tribute to the Porch club of the Tuna club at Avalon may well cause the shedding of a joyful tear; and even the balmy waters of the Kuro Shiwo blush more warmly as they lap the gigantic tales that fall to the water's edge on the pebbly beach. The half-tone reproductions of photographs are good, but the less said of the wash drawings in color the better. ("Fish Stories." By Charles F. Holder and David Starr Jordan. Henry Holt & Co.) C. V. B.

Scribner's for April has its customary quota of readable matter, quite the most stirring of which is Agnes C. Laut's voyage down the Saskatchewan in a canoe. If at first this seems an out of the way corner of the world, the idea is dispelled by her account of settlements of Doukhobors, of Galicians, besides Indians, Hindoos and Poles. The unobtrusive, good work of the missionaries is another interesting and uplifting thing to read of, "The quiet heroism of the beautiful commonplace" Miss Laut calls it. Two rarely good short stories, "The Dancing Man," by Charles Belmont Davis, and "Frederic Carroll, Monogamist," by Jessie Lynch Williams, provide the new fiction, while the serial by Thomas Nelson Page is continued. "General Sherman's Letters Home" begin when he was superintendent of the Louisiana state seminary of learning and military academy in 1860, before the war cloud appeared, and where he sustained with dignity the difficult position of abolitionist in the heart of the south, when political prejudice was running high. F. Hopkinson Smith tells in his always delightful style of a visit to Athens by way of Holland. It is beautifully illustrated in color and in black and white.



MUSIC AND MUSICIANS

By Blanche Rogers Lott

Gabrilowitsch, another great Russian, played to a fine audience at Simpson auditorium, Friday evening. The program was an unpretentious one, but one of enormous advantage from an educational point of view. The Rondo in A minor by Mozart should never be forgotten. With reverence, the pianist played to us this classic which will always be one of the gems of piano literature. The opus 90 Beethoven sonata is rarely played, but one wherein Beethoven's influence on the sonata form is especially noticeable. Nothing could have followed this more gratefully than the variations *Serieuses* by Mendelssohn. In these, which require all modern technical devices, Gabrilowitsch showed he is entitled to his high place in the musical world. One heard on all sides comparisons between him and Lhevinne. Why should this be? The personalities of the two are unlike in every particular. No two artists would or could paint in the same style and fortunately strong individuality is what is looked for and found in the musical artist of today, especially among the Russians. Gabrilowitsch is a sympathetic player, with much natural spontaneity in expression, and whereas he does not startle or dazzle one, he demands the most sincere respect of musicians and pianists. His other numbers were Chopin's B minor Scherzo; Nocturne in G, Chopin; Etude in F Major, Chopin; En Autonne, Moszkowski; Gavotte, Gluck-Brahms; Tarentella, Liszt.

The fifth popular concert of the grade schools was given Wednesday afternoon at Simpson auditorium. This program shows what a splendid work is being done for the growth of musical knowledge in the schools of the city:

Largo (Handel), Melody in F (Rubinstein), Mr. Skeele; Star of Love (Dudley Buck), Enterpean Quartette; Spring (G. Henschel), Blanche Ruby; The Marsellaise, Mr. Dupuy and Enterpean Quartette; Evening Star, "Tannhauser" (Wagner), Pilgrims' Chorus, "Tannhauser" (Wagner), Mr. Skeele; You and I (Liza Lehrmann), May Morning (Denza), Blanche Ruby; Old Kentucky Home (Posters), Enterpean Quartette; A June Day (C. Whitney Coumbs), A Little Dutch Lullaby (Patty Stahl), Normal School Glee club; Organ Overture, Stradella (Plotow), Mr. Skeele.

The last concert will be at Simpson auditorium, April 21, by the Woman's orchestra, Harley Hamilton conductor.

The last of Dalhousie Young's lecture recitals was given Thursday evening, the subject being "Chopin." This lecture was the most interesting and instructive of the series, and the piano playing has rarely, if ever, been excelled here. An acquaintance with Princess Czartoryska, a pupil of Chopin, and to whom many compositions are dedicated, enabled the lecturer to give out invaluable information concerning the Chopin traditions.

A piano composition, "Yearnings" (song without words), by Matilee Leob-Evans, a Los Angeles girl who has won distinction by her fine cornet playing, has been purchased from the composer by Theo. Presser, the well-known publisher of Philadelphia, and will be brought out also in the etude.

Last of the Lott-Krauss concerts will be given Thursday evening, April 15, at Simpson auditorium. Arnold Krauss and Mrs. Lott will play the Kreutzer sonata by Beethoven instead of the usual piano quintet number. There will be, however, a string quintet, Dalhousie Young playing the third violin required in his composition, "Five Bagatelles," which will close this series of chamber concerts. The word close is used advisedly for this season has shown that Los Angeles is not ready for a series of such concerts. Next October the opportunity will be offered the public to decide definitely if the series shall be continued. The concerts have been carried on this year at a financial loss.

Archibald Sessions, having returned

from Seattle, where he won new laurels, will resume his organ recitals by an evening program during Holy week, Wednesday, April 7. Edwin Hoose, the well-known baritone, will sing "From the Depths," Campana, and the main organ numbers will be the Sonata appassionata No. 5, by Guilman, an andante, Tschaikowsky, and the American composer, Homer Bartlett's Toccata in E major.

In thinking of the beautiful Midsummer Night's Dream music we shall hear when Ben Greet and his players combine force with the great Russian orchestra, it may not be amiss to refresh our memories about this never-so-far surpassed incidental music. Mendelssohn was a student in the university of Berlin and seventeen years old when he wrote the overture to Midsummer Night's Dream. Seventeen years later, while in Leipzig, he finished the incidental music. Shakespeare wrote the play to please a queen; Mendelssohn furnished the music at a king's command.

Next concert of the Ellis club will be given the first Tuesday evening after Easter.

Richard Strauss has at last been elected a member of the Berlin Academy of Arts. The first attempts, three years ago, to elect him met with violent opposition on the part of the conservatives, observes the New York Evening Post. The death of their leader, Joseph Joachim, was followed by a more conciliatory attitude, and, with the aid of Humperdinck and other friends of Strauss, he won at last.

Mischa Elman has been engaged for another American tour next season. From August to December this marvelous violinist will play in concerts in Australia.

It was like old times, said the London World recently, to see Mr. Henschel at the piano once more, and to hear him singing German lieder—and, indeed, songs in all languages—with his old perfection of style and a fascinating union of freshness and maturity. It may seem absurd to talk of freshness in a man who is fifty-nine, but no other word can describe the way he sang a humorous song of Cimarosa. As interpretation nothing can be imagined finer than his singing of "In Questa Tomba," or Schubert's infinitely pathetic "Leiermann," or his irresistibly gay "Das Wandern." Especially fine, in the last, was the rhythmical swing—steady, yet classic. The voice itself is, of course, not what it was, but the art is unimpaired. Since the death of his wife, Mr. Henschel has lived very quietly, but it is the art world's gain that he has taken his place once more in the great city of London.

Impresario Behymer's Attractions

Prof. B. R. Baumgardt's lecture, Sunday evening, April 4, at Symphony hall, Blanchard building, will be a new and beautifully illustrated one, entitled, "Venice, the Bride of the Adriatic."

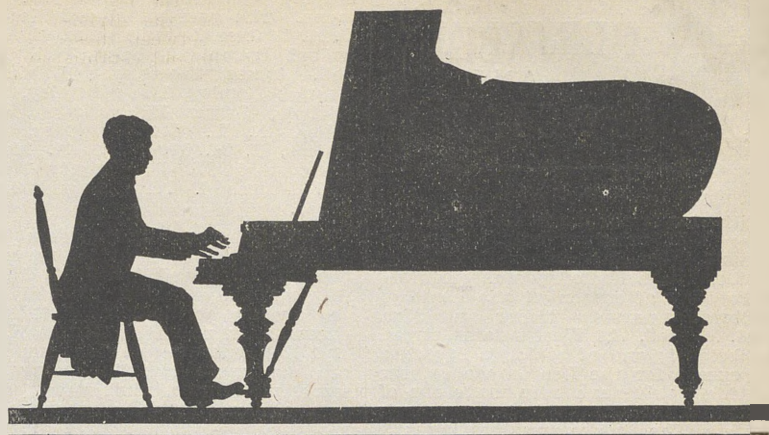
At Simpson auditorium, Thursday evening, April 15, the sixth and last concert of the Lott-Krauss series will take place. The program is given elsewhere on this page.

Rear Admiral Robley D. Evans will appear in Los Angeles in two lectures, April 26 and 30. His two most popular lectures, "The Trip From Hampton Roads to San Francisco" and "The Naval Campaign in the West Indies," will be given at Simpson auditorium, Monday, April 26, and Friday, April 30, respectively.

Dr. Ludwig Wuellner, the famous lieder singer of Berlin, in two recitals in this city, May 3 and May 7. His program is not unlike the usual concert programs, but it is said that his interpretation is so widely different from that of his colleagues that his songs possess unusual charm. He is accompanied at the piano by Mr. Bos.

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By Ruth Burke

With simple appointments and in the presence of relatives only, the marriage of Miss Eva Elizabeth Keating and Dr. Titian J. Coffey was celebrated Tuesday afternoon at the home of the bride's parents Major and Mrs. H. M. Russell, 718 West Adams street. The bride is one of society's favorites and except for the Lenten season, the wedding would have been made one of the most brilliant of the winter's events. The house was artistically decorated for the nuptials. In the drawing room, where the ceremony was performed, white lilacs and plum blossoms were arranged in graceful clusters. Pink azaleas and Cecil Bruner roses were used in the dining room. Rev. Joseph H. Johnson of St. Paul's pro-Cathedral officiated at the ceremony. The bride was unattended and was given away by Major Russell. Mr. George Keating, brother of the bride, was the best man. Miss Keating wore an imported white lingerie gown, elaborately hand-embroidered and trimmed with Mechlin and Irish crochet lace. It was made with the low Dutch neck and in princess style. She wore also a long tulle bridal veil and carried Cecil Bruner roses and orange blossoms. Her only ornaments were lavelier and pendant earrings of platinum and diamonds, the gift of the groom. After a motoring trip through the country, Dr. and Mrs. Coffey will be at home after May 1 to their friends at 718 West Adams street.

One of the smartest of the week's society affairs was the reception and musical given Tuesday afternoon by Mrs. Isaac N. Peyton of 1546 St. Andrews place. The affair was in honor of Mrs. Peyton's niece, Mrs. H. D. Phillips of Pittsburg, who with her husband and their children are visiting in Southern California. The living and music rooms were decorated artistically with American Beauty roses and in the dining room pink roses and ferns were used attractively, the color scheme being further carried out by the pink shaded candles. One of the delightful features of the afternoon was the vocal music rendered by Mrs. Estelle Hearty-Dreyfuss. Mrs. Peyton was attired in an imported gown of black satin charlotte over which was draped a deeply fringed tunic of black net, embroidered in black and iridescent beads. Her ornaments were jet and diamonds. Assisting Mrs. Peyton in receiving were Misses Valentine Peyton, F. H. Snowden, W. R. Blackburn, Arthur L. Hawes, W. P. Storey, R. D. Bronson, Lewis Clarke Carlisle and Miss May Comstock of Spokane; Misses Mary Belle Peyton and Marie Bobrick presided at the punch table.

In honor of Mr. and Mrs. A. C. Bilicke and Miss Mary Chapman, who leave Thursday for a two years' foreign tour, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Modini-Wood of St. James Park entertained Wednesday evening at an artistically appointed dinner. The table was uniquely and attractively decorated. At one end was a miniature lighthouse and at the other was a representation of Bremen, where the travelers will make their first landing. Between, rolled a make-believe ocean and the table was bordered with maidenhair ferns, lilies of the valley and forget-me-nots. The place cards were representative of tiny buoys and anchors tied with red, white and blue ribbons. During the dinner hour selections on the organ were rendered. Covers at the table were arranged for Mr. and Mrs. A. C. Bilicke, Miss Chapman, Mr. and Mrs. E. P. Johnson, Mrs. H. McCutchen, Mr. and Mrs. C. S. Perry, Mr. and Mrs. Edward L. Doherty, Mrs. W. H. Perry, Mrs. J. S. Chapman, Mr. and Mrs. Max Chapman and Madame Bishop.

Mrs. G. Hildreth Jones and Mrs. Benton W. Brown entertained at the Iris apartments Wednesday with a luncheon in honor of Mrs. J. Kuhn of Audubon, Iowa, Mrs. Theodore Myers of Des Moines, Iowa, and Mrs. John Gray of Casey, Iowa. Pink and white sweet peas in profusion formed the color

scheme which was carried out in the menu. The guests included Mesdames D. H. Walker, Luin Dawson, E. Hutchendorf, Byron S. Phelps, Will O'Connell, Agnes Stotts, G. B. Russell, Charles Lemley, Mary Lemley, M. M. Nichols, Lester Hill, Downs, R. C. Jones, A. L. Stafford, Mrs. Julian Phelps, C. M. Myers, S. N. Main, J. Huverstahl, M. E. Cramer, Witters, and Misses I. Nichols and Isabelle Jones.

One of the socially important affairs of the week was the wedding of Miss Frances Cope and Mr. J. A. H. Kerr, the ceremony taking place Wednesday evening at the home of the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. George F. Cope, 2301 Bellevue avenue. The house decorations were artistic, cherry blossoms, pink roses, pink sweetpeas and orange blossoms with greenery being used in the arrangement of the several rooms. Rev. Baker P. Lee officiated. The bride wore a handsome gown of white chiffon over silk, made empire and trimmed with seed pearls. She carried lilies of the valley. Mrs. Raymond Frisbie was matron of honor, and Miss Evangeline Cope, sister of the bride, was maid of honor. Both wore directoire gowns of pink satin made empire style and carried bouquets of bride roses. Mr. A. B. Jones was best man and Raymond Frisbie was groomsman. Little Margaret Allen was the flower girl, her frock being white organdie with pink ribbons. About one hundred guests were present. The bride is a beautiful southern girl of distinguished lineage. Mr. Kerr is a bank examiner and is a prominent resident of Redlands. Mr. and Mrs. Kerr will enjoy a wedding trip to the north.

To many friends here news will be received with interest of the marriage in Clinton, Ohio, of Miss Carrie Gert-rude Ellis and Lieut. Clyde Stanley McDowell, U. S. S. Georgia. The ceremony was celebrated at high noon, March 23, taking place at the home of the bride's uncle and aunt, Mr. and Mrs. Garrett Eugene Lamb. The bride, who is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. George B. Ellis of Western avenue, this city, was attended by her sister, Miss Mercedes Ellis, as maid of honor, and by Miss Marjorie Bowes of Seattle and Miss Lulu Jones of Memphis, as bridesmaids. Lieut. L. H. Morgan, U. S. S. Louisiana, was best man, and the ushers were Mr. Foster Bradley of Cincinnati and Mr. Lyman Ellis, a brother of the bride. Mr. Fred B. King was master of ceremonies. Only the immediate members of the families and the friends from out of town witnessed the wedding. The house was beautifully decorated with the picturesque appointments of a military ceremony. The bride was given away by her father, Mr. George B. Ellis. Her gown was an exquisite robe of white satin veiled with chiffon, cut en train, with Dutch neck, and trimmed with point lace, embroidered with seed pearls. She carried lilies of the valley and bride roses. After their honeymoon trip, Lieut. and Mrs. McDowell will go to Philadelphia, where the Georgia is now stationed.

Mr. and Mrs. W. I. Hollingsworth of the Hershey Arms will leave April 17 for New York, whence they will sail on the steamship Augusta Victoria for a four months' tour of Europe. Their itinerary includes a tour of Ireland, Scotland and later, after passing June in London and Paris, they will continue their travels to other parts of the continent. In honor of Mr. and Mrs. Hollingsworth their friends have been busy the last fortnight entertaining for them with innumerable informal affairs. One of the most delightful of the farewell events was the bridge luncheon which Mrs. Henderson Hayward of Wilshire boulevard gave Wednesday for Mrs. Hollingsworth. Covers were laid for thirty and the table and house decorations were particularly artistic, quantities of the beautiful yellow ranunculus being used in the arrangement.

Mrs. George Mitchell of 1367 South Figueroa street entertained Thursday evening with a dinner party at her home in honor of her daughter, Miss Phillippi Mitchell, whose birthday the occasion commemorated. The guests included Mrs. Ralph Edinger, Mrs. Juanita Lane, Miss Willie Kerns, Miss Violet Sanford, Mrs. Folkman, Miss Helen Bosbyshell, Miss Frankie Wiles and Miss Mabel Wiles.

Members of the younger set are look-

ing forward to the arrival next week of Lieutenant William Hamilton Toaz, the betrothed of Miss Edith Herron, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Rufus H. Herron of Severance street. Announcement of the engagement was made a number of weeks ago and upon the arrival here of Lieutenant Toaz date will be set for the wedding of Miss Herron and the young naval officer. Almost innumerable affairs will be given in honor of the betrothed couple following the naming of the date for their marriage. Miss Herron is one of the most popular of the younger society girls and Lieutenant Toaz is an officer of the U. S. S. Virginia. During Easter week another guest at the Herron's home will be Miss Eleanor Park of Montecito.

In honor of Miss Katherine Graves, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Graves of Alhambra, who with her mother, brother and Miss Kate Van Nuys is to leave April 8 for a trip abroad, Mrs. F. T. Griffith of 2636 Severance street entertained Wednesday evening with a dancing party at the Los Angeles country club. Invitations for the affair were issued to about one hundred of the younger set. The decorations were in yellow. Preceding the dance, Miss Graves was the guest of honor at a delightfully appointed dinner party, given at the country club.

Of interest to many local society folk is the announcement which comes from New York of the engagement of Miss Maude Pomeroy Kimball of New York and of Pasadena to Mr. Clarence Ludlow Brownell, a well-known author and magazine writer of the east. Mr. Brownell at present is engaged in writing the life of President Taft. One of his most successful books is "The Heart of Japan." The marriage will take place this spring.

Mrs. Milo M. Potter and her daughter, Miss Nina Jones, of Hotel Van Nuys, will leave soon for a trip to Honolulu.

Mr. Frank Carroll Giffen, the well-known singer, has arrived from the east and is a guest at the home of his brother and sister-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. George Giffen, of 1625 Toberman street. Last evening Mr. Giffen was heard in recital and today he is to be a special guest at the luncheon of the Dominant club. Monday evening Mr. and Mrs. George Giffen will give an informal reception at their home in compliment to their distinguished guest.

Mrs. Nathaniel F. Wilshire gave a luncheon recently to a number of her Los Angeles friends, members of an informal bridge club. Following the luncheon bridge was played at the Wilshire's residence on the Esplanade. The guests were Mrs. William Hook, Mrs. Leo Chandler, Miss Brunswick, Miss Conroy, Miss Wade and the Misses Grace and Katherine Mellus.

Miss Sheda Lowman has returned from Stanford university and is a guest for a week or two at the home of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Isaac L. Lowman of 3087 Wilshire boulevard.

Mrs. T. W. Holbrook of West Adams street entertained about twenty-five friends at cards recently, followed by a tea at the Alexandria. American Beauty roses and ferns formed the table decoration.

In honor of Mrs. John Morgan Olmstead of Buffalo, N. Y., who with her husband has been visiting in Los Angeles as her house guest, Mrs. Frederick Dana Prescott of 1243 South Bonnie Brae street entertained recently with a tea. Assisting the hostess were Mrs. Murray Harris, Mrs. E. B. Thomas, Mrs. E. R. Rivers, Mrs. Howard Rivers, Mrs. Herman Smith and Mrs. Arthur Kinney.

For April the members of the Friday Morning club will enjoy a most entertaining program. Yesterday, the speakers were Mr. Edward A. Dickson, whose subject was "What Has the Recent Legislature Done?" and Miss Lillian Harris Coffin, who told of "A Woman's Experience at Sacramento." Miss Blanche E. Leveile will give "Original Translations from Theophile Gautier" before the club Friday, April 9. The following week, April 16, Ignaz Haroldi will give a violin recital. Frank H. Latimore will entertain the club Friday, April 23, with an illustrated lecture on "Italian Villas and Gardens," and Friday, April 30, a play, "Cross Purposes," from one of George



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McDonald's fairy tales, will be presented by the children of the Adams Heights school.

Miss Rose Zobelein of 3770 South Figueroa street entertained the members of the St. Cecilia club at her home Monday evening. Mr. and Mrs. Phillip Zobelein assisted the hostess and the program of music was rendered by Miss Fannie Dillon, Miss Margaret Goetz, Miss Helen Tappe and the Misses Bessie and Lucy Fuhrer.

Saturday last Mrs. William Behr of 2081 West Twenty-ninth street gave a prettily-appointed luncheon at her home in compliment to her sister, Mrs. W. S. Russell, of Dickinson, N. D. The table decorations were in violet and green.

Mrs. Charles Wellington Rand of 2619 Wilshire boulevard entertained Sunday afternoon with an informal musical at her home. About fifty guests were present and a delightful program was rendered.

Mr. and Mrs. George I. Cochran with Mr. and Mrs. John F. Roche are away on a two months' trip through the eastern states and Canada.

Members of the Mills Alumnae association are to entertain today at a luncheon given in the Y. W. C. A. in compliment to Miss Ege and Miss Herrman, members of the faculty.

Invitations have been issued by Mrs. Frank R. Strong and her sister, Mrs. J. A. Frame, for a bridge whist party to be given at the home of Mrs. Strong, 417 St. Andrews place, Tuesday afternoon, April 6.

Miss Florence Marx, who with her mother, Mrs. Jennie Marx of 2616 South Figueroa street, has been enjoying the winter season in New York city, will sail April 24 for Europe.

Mr. and Mrs. Stanley Marion Knight, the latter formerly Mrs. Minnie Sutter, have returned from their wedding trip and have taken apartments at 1102 Ellendale place. At present Mr. Knight and his bride are enjoying a short trip to Del Monte, Monterey, Santa Cruz and Santa Barbara.

Dr. and Mrs. Wilton F. Crewe of North Dakota are house guests of Mr. and Mrs. A. E. Hodgkinson of 610 South Bonnie Brae street.

Mr. and Mrs. James L. Boyle of 607 Carondelet street are entertaining as house guests Mr. Boyle's mother, Mrs. P. M. Boyle, and his brother, Mr. R. J. Boyle, a prominent railroad attorney of San Antonio, Texas.

Mrs. Ralph Hagan and Mrs. Charles Crville Canfield have issued invitations for a tea to be given at the home of Mrs. Hagan, 758 Lake street, Wednesday afternoon, April 14.

Date has been set for the marriage of Miss Frances Barber, daughter of Mrs. Hannah Barber of Halldale avenue, to Mr. G. D. Cash of Globe, Ariz. The ceremony will take place at the Immanuel Presbyterian church, Sunday, April 11. A number of delightful pre-nuptial affairs have been given in compliment to Miss Barber.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Fryman will entertain this evening with an informal card party for a number of their friends.

This Issue of

The Graphic

Is confidently presented to the discriminating as an example of high-class weekly journalism, worthy of the liberal support of the community in which it is published.

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Story of the Fair Mississippian

Four hundred and twenty-eight pages from the pen of Charles Egbert Craddock well might be expected to yield much pleasure to an ever-ready public. In "The Fair Mississippian" the action of the story takes place on the shores and among the bayous of the lower Mississippi. Mrs. Faurie, a widow, engages Edward Desmond as tutor for her three sons, upon her plantation of "Great Oaks," in the heart of the Mississippi swamp land. She has been left a large income by her late husband, but with no control of the property. She spends her money in various princely ways all over the world until she comes to the end of her resources, then she retires to the plantation and "waits for the reservoir to fill up again," as she says. Desmond was prepared by his father for a brilliant career. Educated in Europe, traveled and finished neatly, he is returning to Maryland to enter upon a professional career when the sudden death of his father reveals the fact that he is bankrupt and his only heritage is tender associations. He accepts the position of tutor through Mrs. Faurie's agent, to relieve his immediate necessities, and in a few days finds himself in the family of the most "beautiful woman in the world," consisting of Mrs. Faurie, her three sons and an elderly uncle. There is a ghostly mystery, an attempted robbery, an inundation, lost and found wills, a love story and a hunt, all more or less well put together. The skill and charm of the book, however, are in the vivid and racy descriptions of the country of which Miss Murfree writes. The tortuous, treacherous river, the gloomy, dank little bayous, the sudden splash of the alligator and the pungent odor of the swamp growth are almost as real to the senses as the printed words before the eyes. Beyond this the discriminating reader will find little to praise, the characters are not consistently drawn. Mrs. Faurie, the fair Mississippian, is sometimes a prattling creature of nineteen, although she has a son of fourteen; sometimes the stately dame, again the bored beauty, but never a creature of flesh and blood. The fourteen-year-old son talks as boys of that age never talk, unless one remembers that John Quincy Adams was secretary in the American embassy to Russia at that age. The only convincing characters are the river boat people, outlaws and smugglers; does Miss Murfree know them better than they seem more real, or is it because the reader knows them not so well? ("The Fair Mississippian." By Charles Egbert Craddock. Houghton, Mifflin Co.)

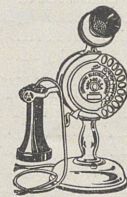
Exclusive Bath Rooms For Women

While modern civilization has improved many things the art of bathing has deteriorated. While we think we are a well-groomed race at the same time we are unacquainted with the charm of bathing as known to the ancient Romans. They, particularly the women of the race, bathed not only for health, but for beauty as well. Few of the moderns of today realize the benefits which may be derived from proper baths. This opportunity is offered to the women of Los Angeles, who will find almost at their doors one of the finest equipped bathing establishments in the west. It occupies the entire lower floor at 746 South Broadway, and is conducted by Mrs. E. Hammer, a trained nurse and graduate of Mercy hospital, Chicago. The baths are most luxuriant. The entire establishment is finished in white ivory and is down-to-date in every feature. There is one room devoted to the artificial sun bath, which is a great improvement on the Turkish bath for reducing weight. Other rooms are devoted to electric, medicated, and other scientific baths. The apparatus which is used in the shower room has been patented by Mrs. Hammer, it being her own invention. Mrs. Hammer also does hairdressing, facial massage and manicuring. The establishment is exclusively for women and she solicits a select patronage.

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Los Angelans Abroad

(Continued from page 11)

Forrester comprise a party of Los Angelans and Hollywood residents who are leaving soon for European travel.

Oriental scenes also have proved a lure to many Los Angelans. One party of prominent society people, composed of Mrs. Granville MacGowan, Miss Eleanor MacGowan, Mrs. Walter Newhall and Mrs. W. S. Porter, is enjoying an outing trip in Honolulu. Miss Annis Van Nuys, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. I. N. Van Nuys, is traveling in China and Japan in company with Mr. and Mrs. Guy Earl. Their return probably will be made in May. Miss Harriet Morris and Miss Cynthia Van Vorst left last week for Honolulu, where they will visit for two or three months. Miss Clara Carpenter, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Charles C. Carpenter, also is in Honolulu, having sailed for that port last week.

Among the travelers who recently have returned from trips either to European countries, to the Orient or Honolulu, are Mrs. Walter Leeds and her little son of Berkeley Square, who came home last week, after a visit of a month or two in Honolulu. Misses Mildred Morris, Mary Lee and Susie Carpenter recently returned from a month's voyage to Tahiti. Mr. and Mrs. J. T. Fitzgerald of West Adams street came home a few weeks ago from several months' trip in Japan and China. Miss Florence Canfield, after a prolonged sojourn in Europe, recently returned to her home here. General M. H. Sherman, with his three nieces, Misses Lucy, Mary and Katherine Clark, the daughters of Mr. and Mrs. E. P. Clark, arrived this week from Cuba, where with a party of several others they had a most enjoyable visit. A Honolulu party which came back recently included Mr. Rufus Spalding and his bride, formerly Miss Elsa Behr of Pasadena; Countess Senni and Mr. Morgan Adams of this city. Another coterie of Los Angeles folk is to return home today from a month's outing in Honolulu. In the party are Mr. and Mrs. W. D. Longyear, Mrs. Kate A. Kelly and Miss Jennie Mackey.

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When Norman Hackett has toned down his too declamatory voice an octave or so and managed to inject a little more tenderness, a little more shading into that Shakespearean organ of his he will prove a great favorite with the theater-going public in the modern plays in which this personable young actor has concluded to engage. As a veteran manager expressed it Monday night, "He carries just a little too much scenery." But Mr. Hackett has made an excellent beginning in "Classmates," which is the attraction at the Majestic this week, and the good audiences that have witnessed his efforts have shown how kindly-disposed they are toward him by applauding vigorously even when the result was not all they had a right to expect in a star.

"Classmates" is of rather tenuous plot and in the third act is melodrama of the most pronounced description. The spectacle of gaunt, half-starved men in rags and tatters, crawling about the stage on their hands and knees, is reminiscent of the old "Andersonville" plays of thirty years ago, when the Union prisoners moaned in their sleep for bread and begged for death to intervene to end their misery. It wasn't a fetching spectacle then, nor is the scene now, located near the headwaters of the Amazon, although the stage settings are stunning in their jungle verisimilitude.

Briefly, the classmates are West Point cadets. One of them, Bert Stafford (Henry Fearing), hates the hero, Duncan Irving (Norman Hackett), so intensely that he plies the susceptible father of the first-class cadet with liquor, until the latter disgraces his son visiting day at the academy. Later, Stafford taunts Irving with his sire's fall from grace and is promptly knocked down, getting his eyes put out of commission for the time being in the operation. Irving and three of his classmates are incontinently suspended for this breach and the heroine, Sylvia Randolph (Doris Mitchell), who is beloved by the two young North Carolinians, secretly favoring Duncan, at once shifts her favors to the wounded Stafford, because the hero has broken his promise to keep hands off the "plebe."

Three months later all meet at the home of the Staffords in New York, where Sylvia is staying with Mrs. Stafford, the mother, and Phyllis, the sister, of Bert. The latter seems to have recovered his eyesight and although only of the "plebe" class, has managed to get a responsible engineering job in South America, where he is reported lost in the jungle. Duncan Irving and his classmates drop in and are told the sad news. Irving volunteers to head a relief party to rescue his rival, who, he learns, is the betrothed of Sylvia. His offer is accepted as an effort at reparation, Bert having failed to inform the girl of his chicanery and Duncan's provocation. The latter assures Sylvia he will bring Stafford back and marry her in spite of the engagement.

He keeps his word, after the nerve-wearing scenes noted as being enacted in the jungle. Back with him comes "Bubby" Dumble, one of his classmates, a fat optimist in love with Phyllis, who, by the way, seems to have been trained in elocution in Hackett's school. Bubby wins his bride as he already has his audience. Irving's masterful ways compel Sylvia to surrender and Stafford to confess his perfidy. All four classmates are restored to their former standing at the academy, through the wonderful pleading of Sylvia with the President and the curtain falls on the delighted Hackett pressing his commission and his sweetheart to his manly breast. As a play "Classmates" is pretty poor stuff, but as a medium for the display of a real 'ero it gives a well-built young fellow of about Norman Hackett's frame lots of opportunity to please

tender-hearted maidens having ideals concealed in their throbbing bosoms.
S. T. C.

"Whim Wham" at the Auditorium

Under the name of Arthur Ford, Manager Ernest Crawford of the Auditorium company, made his first stage appearance here Monday evening in the musical play, "Whim Wham," which is holding the boards at that popular playhouse. Hugh Metcalfe also takes a leading role and the advent of the manager and assistant manager as active members of the company results in a pleasing strengthening of the cast. The play deals with the troubles of Jack Herrington, author, dramatist and bachelor, which role is assumed by Mr. Crawford. A throng of thirty or more chorus girls, hidden upstairs upon the arrival of Herrington's betrothed, portrayed by Olga Stech; the latter concealed in a clothes closet upon the arrival of a sheriff, who dismantles the room of its rich furniture, for which Herrington cannot pay; and, later, the inopportune coming of Mrs. MacLaurin, a widow with a desire to go on the stage; and of Alexander Crocker, a London theatrical manager, who wishes to purchase a play of Herrington. All these situations are blended in one grand complication for the young author, and his troubles come to a climax when the chorus maids descend from their hiding place, when his fiancée leaves her place of concealment and when in the excitement the novel, improvised furniture with which Herrington and his man Clay had fitted up the apartment, is tumbled down. In the midst of the melee, Crocker, thinking that Herrington's nervous and inane ramblings have been features of his drama, buys the fantastic product of his brain-storm and in the end everything winds up happily. Mr. Crawford as an actor displayed noticeable self-possession and his work was heightened by his original conception of the character he portrayed. Much interest was taken in his debut and prolonged applause greeted his most cleverly acted parts. Olga Stech gives admirable support to Mr. Crawford in the role of his betrothed. Maud Beatty, as the widow, adds a bit of comedy to the play, especially in her rendition of the Spanish song, "Espanita." Hugh Metcalfe, as the London theatrical manager, makes a capital Britisher. Billy Onslow, as Herrington's lackey, contributes his share to the musical numbers, his C'Riley song being one of the hits of the evening. Altogether, the production is well worth the seeing.

Good Comedy at Orpheum

Although the show at the Orpheum this week is comprised almost entirely of "knockabout" turns which are addressed to the gallery, it is none the less interesting. Rarely has there been a better exhibition of swift, rough comedy tumbling and dancing than that given by "The Three Rubes." Their excellent make-ups have the advantage of novelty; they perform their feats with an utter disregard for the safety of their bones and a lack of consideration for the personal pulchritude that is hair-raising and amazing. Their comedy is entirely in pantomime and is far more captivating than a line of patter. As a toe dancer Agnes Mahr is a marvel, being absolute mistress of her art insofar as her various examples of skill are concerned. But in realizing the poetry of motion she is sadly deficient. There is nothing in her act to appeal to the artistic sense; it savors more of the grotesque than the graceful. Just why Jack Connelly and Margaret Webb are not rewarded with greater success is hard to determine. Connelly's eccentric pianistic contortions are unusually well done, and Miss Webb sings very acceptably, but their sketch is raw and too obviously appealing to the gallery. Harry Foy and Florence Clark, who have been seen here on several occasions, return in a rejuvenated version of their familiar sketch, "The Fountain of Youth," which raises as much mirth as it did eight years ago. The Goldsmith-Hoppe team, vivacious Nonette, Frank Nelson and his company, and the dog and pony circus, are the hold-overs. Timely motion pictures of the presidential inauguration scenes at snow-clad Washington provide not the least enjoyable feature of the program.

Offerings Next Week

Lillian Russell, in the racing comedy, "Wildfire," opens a week's engagement



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at the Mason opera house Monday, April 5. The engagement includes Wednesday and Saturday matinees. The star is assisted by a large company, including Frank Sheridan, seen in the role of Donovan, a trainer, and the diminutive comedian, Will Archie, as Bud, the stable boy. Miss Russell's gowns, for which she is noted, are said to be "stunning," and these, coupled with her unflinching good looks, will appeal both to feminine and masculine playgoers. Several changes have been made since the play was first presented in the east, but these are said to be for the better. Otherwise, the entire production is as it was originally given in the metropolis. Following "Wildfire" will come the much-heralded Madame Nazimova, who brings with her the same company which surrounded her on Broadway. She will play three Ibsen plays during her engagement.

Manager Oliver Morosco has made arrangements with Dick Ferris and Florence Stone to head a specially organized company which will occupy the Majestic the week beginning Sunday night, with the usual matinee performances Wednesday and Saturday. The play is Edwin Milton Royle's famous comedy drama, "Friends," which has not been seen on a local stage in several years. It has been more than a year since Dick Ferris faced a local audience and several months since Miss Stone made her last appearance at the Burbank, and doubtless both players will be cordially welcomed upon their return to the local stage.

"Gay New York," with new songs, clever comedy, dancing girls, football girls, Buster Browns and Mary Janes and its Salomes will occupy the Burbank for the week beginning with the matinee performance Sunday afternoon. Burbank patrons always greet a musical comedy with anticipatory pleasure, and this production will be strengthened by the addition of Charles Giblyn and Jessie Mae Hall, both of whom have made specialties of musical work. For the first time since he has been at the Burbank, William Desmond will sing a song. Byron Beasley is on the program for two, in addition to appearing with Blanche Hall, Henry Stockbridge and Jessie Mae Hall in a quartette number. There will also be songs by the Marquis Ellis quartette, Margo Duffet, Blanche Hall, Jessie Mae Hall, Charles Giblyn and Henry Stockbridge. A large chorus has been organized, and supplied with new and picturesque costumes. The girls have been drilled by Miss Mildred Martin, and will be seen and heard later in the company which Manager Morosco will install in the Majestic for a summer run.

Record-breaking for the run of a new production in Los Angeles is George Broadhurst's "Dollar Mark." So pleased is William A. Brady with the success of the production here that he has extended to the Belasco management the privilege of supplying the public demand with another week of the play that has already become famous. The production of the Jerome comedy, which has now been postponed several times, must necessarily be put forward yet another week.

"The Sultan of Sulu," George Ade's popular comic opera, will be given next week by the Ferris Hartman company at the Grand. This will be the first time the Ade musical piece has ever been seen anywhere by any organization except the original company that played in syndicate houses, under the direction of Henry W. Savage. The role of Ki Ram, Sultan of Sulu, one of the chief islands of the Philippine group, will afford Ferris Hartman larger opportunities for fun-making than any part he has had, and he will interpolate many verses with local application in the famous R-e-m-o-o-r-s-e song. Christiana Nielsen will sing "Since I First Met You," and she and Mr. Walsh will be heard in a duet, "The Message of the Red, Red Rose." Following "The Sultan of Sulu," the Ferris Hartman company will produce for the first time in the city, "The Tourist," in which Eddie Foy is now playing in the east.

"A Modern Pocahontas" is the title of a playlet which has attracted great attention since it started on the Orpheum circuit, and will be the headline offering at the local Orpheum, beginning Monday matinee, April 5. Shoshone Indians, with the exception of two white characters, give the entire play, headed by the daughter of a

Shoshone chief, who goes by her Carlisle school name of Emma Rainey. Although it is melodramatic, being a second "John Smith and Pocahontas" story, the play is said to be devoid of actual horrors and bloodshed. The scene is laid in 1878, two years after the Custer massacre. There will be several unusual features, including a war dance by the Indians. Another bit of color and foreign atmosphere is offered by the Kitabanzai troupe of Japanese acrobats and jugglers, nine in number, who are said to be trained athletes. "Six Little Girls and a Teddy Bear," with Everett Scott as the bear, comes in a mixture of entertaining dances and songs, and G. Herbert Mitchell, the monologist, brings a new line of patter. Holding over are Foy & Clark, Agnes Mahr, "The Three Rubes," and Connelly & Webb, with new motion pictures.

Negotiations are pending with the Auditorium management to play Mrs. Fiske there the week of June 14, in "Salvation Nell," with every prospect of being closed this week. It will be a great satisfaction to the friends of this fine actress and admirable woman to see her housed in an auditorium commensurate with her talents.

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WEEK OF APRIL 4

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GAY NEW YORK

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WEEK OF APRIL 4

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Special engagement of

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In Edwin Milton Royle's great play **FRIENDS**

By the author of "The Squaw Man." Star cast.

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REPERTOIRE—Monday evening, at 8:15, "A Midsummer Night's Dream" (with Mendelssohn music); Tuesday evening, "Romeo and Juliet" (music by Gounod and Tchaikowsky); Wednesday Matinee, at 3 o'clock, "Romeo and Juliet"; Wednesday evening, "The Tempest" (music by Sir Arthur Sullivan and Tchaikowsky); Thursday evening, "Everyman" (special music by Male Chorus); Friday (celebration Shakespeare's Birthday) (Special Vocal and Instrumental Features). Matinee, "As You Like It," evening, "A Midsummer Night's Dream"; Saturday matinee, "A Midsummer Night's Dream"; Saturday evening, "As You Like It."

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Kitabanzai Troupe Japan's Foremost Athletes

G. Herbert Mitchell Singer and Raconteur

Matinee

Today

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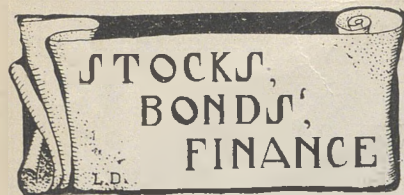
Wildfire

By George Broadhurst and George V. Hobart.

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Seat sale now open.

Next attraction—Mme. Alla Nazimova in Repertoire.



There has been a dearth of investment buying in the local market this week, such absorption of stocks as has occupied the attention of brokers and the public being largely confined to the cheaper mining issues known here. L. A. Home telephone, pfd., common and the bonds, as well as the Edisons, broke somewhat, early in the week, as soon as the action of ad interim Mayor Stephens in vetoing the public utility rate ordinances became known. And until this issue is disposed of all of these particular securities are likely to remain offish.

Just why most of the best securities called here continue to mark time is not known, unless it is that the advance in nearly the entire list has been altogether too rapid. In spite of this condition, generally acknowledged, it is predicted, even among the conservative banking element, that certain of the most dependable oils, as well as the best of the bank stocks, and the bonds of the utility corporations, are pretty certain to go higher.

Money is cheaper than it has been in years, with the tendency to much softer interest rates. Funds must be employed and it is admitted among those who are in touch with the situation that in order that cash is not left where it shall remain idle for an indefinite time standard securities will have to be bought.

Associated Oil continues a mystery, with the bonds this week acting as wobbly as has the stock for more than a month. Evidently, all support has been withdrawn for the time being, and Exchange Alley is more than ever inclined to the belief that the August dividend on the stock is to be passed. Even brokers professing to be on the inside are convinced that the Harman oil securities may be loaded at both ends. Still, if certain things under way, shall come to pass, Associated Oil should prove a profitable purchase at present prices.

Union and its affiliated issues continue firm, with the stock selling around 106, and the rights going steadily, so as to make the new stock worth close to 107. Exchange Alley does not hesitate to predict 110 for Union within the month of April, and of course Union Provident and United Petroleum swinging gaily along to the same general bull music.

Banks and Banking

Following the instruction of the bank commissioner at San Francisco, Bank Examiner W. S. Vawter, Monday, closed the Golden Gate bank, a Japanese institution at 226 East First street, this city. Evan Lewis was commissioned custodian of the bank and is now in charge. The local bank is a branch of the Golden State bank of San Francisco, and its closing is a result of similar action taken with the northern institution. Y. Mawa, manager of the parent institution at San Francisco, has stated that his bank was compelled to close its doors because of a run which was threatened on its funds, through the circulation of papers stating that the bank was unsound. The local branch is said to be in good condition with deposits of \$184,000; with \$32,000 cash on hand and collateral securing its loans.

A. D. Fratt, who for fifty-one years was president of the First National bank of Racine, Wis., recently received a handsome silver loving cup mounted on an ebony stand from the directors of the bank. Mr. Fratt severed his connection about a year ago with the Racine bank in order to make his future home in Redlands. Mr. Fratt's record as president of the Racine bank for more than half a century is one which probably will stand unchallenged for a long time.

After eighteen days of strenuous life as ad interim mayor of Los Angeles, William D. Stephens has accepted the vice-presidency of the American National bank, succeeding the late J. C. F. Hull. Mr. Stephens is not a novice in banking circles. Formerly, he was president of the Central Trust company, which institution was the result of a merger with the Central bank and

the State Bank and Trust company, and this in turn was merged with the Dollar bank, forming the Park bank of which Mr. Stephens is a director. Until recently he was also a director of the Central National bank.

California bank clearings from March 1 to March 28, inclusive, are given out by the California Promotion committee. San Francisco leads with clearings of \$146,886,058 and Los Angeles comes second, its clearings aggregating \$51,408,930. Oakland's clearings were \$7,352,452; Sacramento, \$3,865,117; San Diego, \$3,754,165; Fresno, \$1,895,736; Stockton, \$1,766,203; San Jose, \$1,567,033.

After months of argument, Judge James this week settled the receivership of the Consolidated bank of Los Angeles by appointing Evan Lewis receiver of the institution. Under the stipulation, signed by Mr. Carlson several weeks ago, there is no recourse from the action of the court and the matter is settled so far as the receivership is concerned. At that time Carlson agreed to abide by the decision of the bankers' committee of three, who reported against taking over the assets of the bank and furnishing money to pay off the debts of the institution. This action of the court has the effect to destroy the charter of the bank, against which Mr. Carlson has been fighting.

Stock and Bond Briefs

Electors of the El Cajon school district will hold an election April 24, at the school house, when votes will be cast for the issuing and selling of bonds of that school district in the sum of \$5,000. Funds from the bond sale will be used in the purchase of school lots, the erecting of buildings, etc. The bonds are to be ten in number and will bear interest at 5 per cent per annum.

Plans and specifications for completion of the southern part of the Long Beach-Los Angeles boulevard are being prepared by Engineer A. E. Loder of the Los Angeles county highway commission. Bids on the work will be called for soon.

At a meeting of the recently appointed board of trustees of the new high school district of Huntington Park it was decided to ask for bonds to the amount of \$65,000. Action probably will be taken in the matter in the near future.

Pomona's trustees have authorized the city attorney to draft an ordinance for the sale of the city hall bonds amounting to \$53,000. As soon as the bonds are disposed of work will be begun on the new city hall.

Because of the injunction proceedings brought against the recent school bond election, the supervisors of Los Angeles county have postponed the opening of the bids for same for another week.

Members of the Los Angeles board of supervisors are advertising for bids for the Washington Park school district. The bonds to be sold are in the amount of \$10,000.

Mines & Farish in New Quarters

Mines & Farish have felt the call to the south and have just moved into their commodious and well-appointed new quarters at 353 South Hill street, near the corner of Fourth. The spacious ground floor room is subdivided into numerous private offices, fixtures and furniture being chosen for utility and comfort, rather than for garish display. The interior partitions are of Oregon pine, with a Flemish oak stain. In the private rooms of Mr. Mines and Mr. Farish the low window seats are fitted with plain leather cushions. All the heads of the several departments—rentals, loans, insurance, business and high-class residence property, and subdivisions, have their own private offices, where clients may be given individual and uninterrupted attention. The business of this popular real estate firm is steadily increasing and in the last three weeks the total transactions of deals closed approaches close to two millions in money values, with several more big transfers almost completed.

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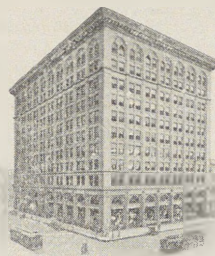
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By Rene T. de Quelin

An exhibition of paintings by Ruston Vicaji, at 65 South Raymond avenue, Pasadena, has aroused considerable interest, both in the art world and among laymen. This artist, though a direct descendant of the Prussian royal family, is in all essentials, except appearance, English, and has most of his art interests in London, from which place he has lately arrived. He is the guest of Mrs. Kellogg, of Altadena. The exhibition comprises twenty oils and twenty-eight water colors. There are two of Sussex common, England; four of Bruges barges; a full-length life-size portrait of Mrs. Kellogg, and a portrait of Mlle. Jacquier; nine views comprising Montreuil Sur Mer and its ramparts, Bruges Vegetable Market, Bruges lacemakers' quarters; two of Heinhead, Sussex; one of Bruges canal; one of Cornwall and one of Altadena. In the oils we are struck by the evident varying influences which have controlled this artist, for they are so entirely different in their technical execution that it is hard to realize the same hand did them all. But this is sometimes the case with supersensitive natures.

The best of his work is in the four Bruges barges, which is carried out in flat tones that are suggestively outlined, indicating a strong decorative feeling, and as such are extremely good and forceful with some splendid tones of color and excellent values, making them unusual and interesting from the color point of view. In drawing and composition they are remarkably good. These four are quite suggestive of the Brangwyn school. Next in point of interest are those of Montreuil, two of "La Conetre" and one "La Collette." "Lacemaking Quarter, Bruges," "Vegetable Market, Bruges," "The Farm, Surrey," and the "Canal, Bruges." These all show good, bold handling, with a fine sense of color. It is evident that the ideal is the controlling power of this artist. Many conflicting opinions are entertained on this subject, as to the true meaning of the term as applied to art; as to whether there is or ought to be any other ideal of art than what is obtained from a faithful or exact copy of nature; but we are at once confronted with the question, What is a faithful rendering of nature?

As no two human beings see the same object exactly alike, consequently it becomes the personal abstraction of the individual, influenced in a greater or lesser degree as the ethereal is predominant or not as the case may be. And so we have the artist, sculptor, poet or musician, each will interpret a certain particular subject in his own way; widely different each from the other. And so in this artist's work, the spiritual holds the sway. Consequently, whatever he paints is strongly idealistic and characteristic of himself.

In his water color he has again a technique peculiarly his own which is somewhat hard to define. A happy mingling of full wet washes that show his perfect mastery in this difficult medium, combined with small dry touches of directness that bespeak the rapid and sure worker, who not only knows how, but is sure of what he wants to portray. In the collection of twenty-eight, they comprise many scenes in and around San Francisco, and its Chinatown, with several of Pasadena views, of the Maryland and Green hotels, being especially interesting. This artist intends to exhibit in Los Angeles later on, when he can make favorable arrangements with a local gallery.

First exhibition of the Fine Arts league has really been brought into actual existence through the efforts of many influential citizens of Los Angeles. A most worthy cause in the interests of art for a better appreciation and understanding of the fine arts, and

for the people of Southern California to have an opportunity of seeing and understanding art, both old and new, and of all its many varied expressions. As it grows, it is the intention of the league to build a permanent museum and art gallery, containing academies, lecture and concert halls, for the proper study and expression of all branches of art. A collection of twelve pictures has just been received from William Macbeth's galleries, Fifth avenue, New York, the proprietor having kindly loaned them for the first exhibition of this league, which will be opened at the Steckel galleries, April 5. The pictures are as follows: "Coming Storm," by the celebrated George Innis, who was born in 1825 and died in 1894, and was considered the American Turner. The picture, while good, must not be taken as representative of this artist's superb and grand work. "Lake and Island," by Arthur B. Davies, seem to have little or no excuse for being sent on. "Ophelia," by William Morris Hunt, born in 1824 and died in 1879, shows a splendid bit of painting of that period, and is worth careful study, though it is not by any means representative of this artist's good or better work.

"Breaking of Winter," by Charles H. Davis, has much charm of color and values; a sympathetic harmony. "Hillside Farm," by J. Francis Murphy, is delightful in color, and of subtle technique that is usually pleasant and unobtrusive. "The Trio," by Frederick Ballard Williams, is excellent, though crude in technique, but when seen at the proper distance gives superb values and beautiful tones, excellent in composition and drawing. "Midsummer, Connecticut Valley," by Carleton Wiggins, is another that is not representative of this artist. It has many good points, but the sky is too dark, heavy and oppressive. "Waste Lands, Powmey's Jpy," by William Sartain, is an extremely restful and peaceful painting, full of soft, mellow, rich tones, very subtle and ethereal. "Manana Point," by Paul Dougherty, is a strong, sturdy piece of painting, extremely robust and excellent in color. "Salt Marshes of Connecticut" is by William H. Howe. The cattle in this picture are well painted; sky and trees also very good. "Late October," by Mrs. C. B. Coman, is of no special interest. Most of these artists are of well-known fame, especially George Innis, whose works of any period of his painting will fetch exorbitant prices; in fact, it is seldom there is one to be found for sale. Many of the others are almost as important today, and are well represented in the Metropolitan museum in New York city.

Benjamin Chambers Brown gives a tea this afternoon at his winter studio on South Raymond avenue, Pasadena. He is assisted by Mesdames Adalbert Fenyes, George E. Fale, John P. Wilson, Charles Warner Gates, John J. Mitchell, S. Hazard Halstead, John W. Hugas, Sallie E. Jordan, Samuel W. Allerton, Susan Stickney, Albert Sherman Hoyt, Arno Behr, George G. Guyer, E. D. Neff, C. W. Leffingwell Jr., Rufus J. Spalding. Mr. Brown has sent three pictures to the Yukon-Seattle exposition. They are "Misty Moonlight Night, San Luis Rey Mission," "Golden Pool, Near Eastlake" and "The Land of Little Rain."

Ray Skelton, the well-known dealer in pictures, held an auction of paintings last Wednesday and Thursday, with J. B. Clark acting as auctioneer, a number of important sales being made. The collection was a very good one, many artists of established reputation, both of Europe and America, being represented. Granville Redmond, who has been painting near Monterey for some time, sent down a number of his recent canvases. Mr. Redmond's work is much appreciated and has become quite popular. He is an artist of strong poetic feeling and with a splendid facile technique that is charming and captivating. He is a great poet in color, one who thoroughly understands his values and with a keen appreciation and understanding of tonal qualities. Some of his paintings are remarkable for this characteristic.

Next week a large and important exhibition will be given by the Camera club in the Blanchard art galleries. There will be a number of remarkably fine landscapes shown.

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Estate of Charles M. Thomas, deceased. Notice is hereby given by the undersigned administrator of the estate of Charles M. Thomas, deceased, to the creditors of, and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit the same with the necessary vouchers, within four months after the first publication of this notice to the said administrator at Room 611, Los Angeles Trust Building, corner of Second and Spring streets, in the City of Los Angeles, which is hereby designated as the place for the transaction of the business of said estate in the County of Los Angeles.

Dated this 27th day of March, A. D. 1909.
First publication, April 3, 1909.
L. H. NOLTE,
Administrator of the Estate of Charles M. Thomas, Deceased.
W. W. BUTLER,
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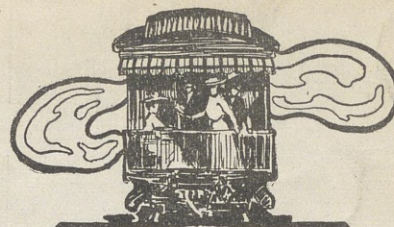
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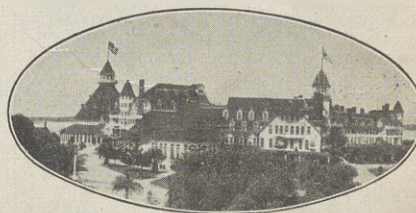
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